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FORGET ME NOT.

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THE

~~THE JUVENILE FORGET ME NOT;~~

OR,

CABINET

OF

ENTERTAINMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

---

BY THE AUTHOR

OF

“THE RIVAL CRUSOES,” “THE YOUNG EMIGRANT,” ETC.

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from arthur  
Hamilton to James  
Gam.

From Arthur Hamilton  
To James Hamilton

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THE

## JUVENILE FORGET ME NOT.



### FORGET ME NOT.

“FORGET ME NOT!” in accents mild,  
My mother says, “beloved child!  
Forget me not, when far away  
Amidst a thoughtless world you stray.  
Forget me not, when fools would win  
Your footsteps to the paths of sin.  
Forget me not, when urged to wrong  
By passions and temptations strong.  
Forget me not, when pleasure’s snare  
Would lead you from the house of prayer.

“Forget me not, in feeble age,  
But let me then your thoughts engage :  
And think, my child, how fondly I  
Watch’d o’er your helpless infancy.  
Forget me not, when death shall close  
These eyelids in their last repose ;

And evening breezes softly wave  
The grass upon thy mother's grave.  
Oh! then whate'er thy age and lot  
May be, my child ! **FORGET ME NOT!"**

---

### FELIX AND HIS DOVE.

IN a city of Spain, called Toledo, lived a widow and her young son. She had once been rich, but was now so poor that she was forced to get her living by embroidering tresses in natural flowers. This was a very tedious employment, and she had great difficulty in earning enough money to maintain herself and her little boy: for Felix was not old enough to work for himself. He was, however, very diligent in learning to read and write, and was very good and dutiful to his mother, and used to wind her silks and thread her needles with the different colours she used; he was always ready to pick up her scissars or thimble when they happened to fall from her hand: in the evening he read aloud to amuse her, trimmed the lamp, or sung a vesper hymn.

Felix never teased his mother to buy him fruit or sweet cakes, for he knew she could not afford to expend her money in such things; for Felix loved his mother very dearly, and was

always cheerful and happy when he was near her, for Felix had a contented heart.

He had no toys to play with, but he had a tame turtle-dove, which he loved very much, and it was very fond of him, and would sit on his shoulder and eat out of his hand; and he always spared a part of his meals for his dove, though he had not more food than was sufficient for himself.

Now the Governor of Toledo lived very near the house in which Felix and his mother dwelt; and he had an only son named Pedro, who was of the same age as Felix. Pedro had fine and costly clothes to wear, nice things to eat, servants to wait on him, and so many toys to play with that they filled one room entirely; but yet he was not happy, for he was of a cross, fretful, and discontented disposition.

One day he saw Felix standing at the door of his mother's house caressing his turtle-dove, which was perched on his finger. "Oh! what a beautiful dove; and how tame it is!" said Pedro to one of his attendants. "Go," added he, "and tell that boy I want to buy it of him."

The servant accordingly went to Felix, and told him the governor's son wished to purchase his dove. "I will not sell my pretty dove," said Felix, coaxing her soft feathers, and kissing her with great affection.

"You are a foolish little boy, I can tell you," said the servant, "for my young lord will give you a good price for her, perhaps as much as a

pistole [now a pistole is a Spanish coin worth sixteen shillings and ninepence ;] and you might get many fine things for that piece of money, far better than a silly dove." "That may be," said Felix, "but I love my dove better than any thing in the world except my mother, and my dove loves me, and I would not sell her for twenty pistoles." When young Pedro heard this, he was very angry, and would not eat ; and the servants told the governor that their young lord would fret himself sick if he did not have the dove.

Now Don Rodriguez the governor was a brave and sensible man. He had been absent from home commanding the armies of his sovereign during the chief part of his little son's life ; and when he returned to hold the highest station in his native city, he was grieved to find what deep root evil passions had taken in the heart of his young heir ; and he anxiously revolved in his own mind the measures best fitted to improve his character. He now sent for Pedro, and reproved him for his covetousness, and bade him remember that he had every thing he could desire, excepting this dove, which was the property of the widow's son ; and since the boy did not wish to part with the bird, it was wrong to desire to possess it. And he forbade Pedro to mention it again.

About this time the mother of Felix fell ill, and could not work at her employment ; and soon after she took to her bed : the little stock

ef money that she had laid by to pay her rent was soon expended, and she had no means of obtaining a fresh supply.

Felix, who had nursed his mother with great tenderness, observed that she shed tears when she gave him her last piece of money to purchase a small loaf of bread, and he asked her why she wept.

“ Alas, my child!” said she, “ when this is gone, we must both perish for want. I have no more money to buy bread.”

“ Do not cry, dearest mother,” said Felix, kissing the tears from his mother’s cheeks. “ I will go and ask charity of our neighbours.” “ That will be of no use, Felix,” said his mother, “ for they will say we cannot need assistance when we keep a bird for which you have refused a pistole.” Felix was very sad when he heard his mother say this; but though the dove was very dear to him, his mother was more so, and he resolved rather to part with the dove than suffer her to want for any thing.

Felix took his little favourite out of her cage, and carried her to the governor’s palace; and told Pedro’s servant that he was ready to sell his dove if his young lord would give him a pistole for her.

Pedro was very glad when he heard this, and ordered the servant to give Felix a gold pistole, and bring the dove to him.

Then Felix brought the money to his mother; and told her what he had done; and she kissed her little son very tenderly, and told him she was

now convinced that he loved her, since he had given such a proof of his affection and duty. Felix turned away his head that his mother might not see he had been crying ; for he thought she would be grieved if she knew how much his self-denial had cost him, and he did every thing in his power to appear cheerful, and to make her think he did not mind the loss of his little favourite.

When the governor saw the dove in Pedro's possession, as he was aware of his son's faulty character, he became fearful that Pedro had obtained it by improper means ; so he sent for Felix, and asked him if he had parted with his dove willingly.

" Not willingly, my lord," said Felix, " but because my duty required that I should sell it." " How so, my little friend ?" asked the governor. " Because my mother is ill and in distress, and I could not see her starve when I had this dove, which would procure necessaries for us both ; but it almost broke my heart to part with my dove, for I have only my mother and that to love ;" and Felix turned away, to hide the tears which filled his eyes. The good governor was so charmed by the conduct of the widow's son, that he sent for his own physician, and gave him orders to attend on Felix's mother, and see that she wanted neither physic nor proper nourishment ; and she soon recovered from her illness, and was able to resume her employment.

Some time after this the governor invited Felix to come to a feast, which was made in honour

of his son Pedro's birthday. When the repast was ended, a servant placed a basket on the table before Felix, which the governor bade him open, saying, "It is a present from my son!"

When Felix raised the lid, his beloved turtle-dove flew out and nestled in his bosom. He gave a cry of joy, and kissed her a thousand times; but, after a few moments' reflection, he said, "Perhaps, my lord Pedro, it will make you unhappy to part with the dove; I will not take her away from you if it will give you pain."

"You are mistaken," replied Pedro, "I resign her freely; and it gives me pleasure to return her to you, since you love her so much. I have been a proud and unfeeling boy; but, since my father has informed me of your good conduct, and has reasoned with me on my faults, I have resolved to overcome my selfish habits; and as I enter on my tenth year to-day, I mean to mark it by the performance of my first kind action; which I pray to God may be followed by others more worthy of remembrance."

Then the governor embraced his son, and told Felix that, if he liked, he should live in the plaace, and be the companion of his son's studies and amusements; for Pedro had no brother.

"I should like to accept your generous offer very much," said Felix (who already loved Per dro for having so kindly restored his little pet,) but then I should be obliged to leave my dear mother, and she would be so sad and lonely

without her little Felix. No, my lord, I cannot forsake her even to live in a palace."

"Now, my fine fellow, I love you the better for that thought," said the governor. "You shall not, however, be separated from your mother, for I will give her an employment in my lady's apartment, where her labours will be light, and she may see you daily.

Felix could scarcely find words to express his gratitude to his kind friend. That very day he made his mother acquainted with the governor's design, and they shortly afterwards took up their abode in the palace.

Pedro proved the sincerity of his resolution by the affection which he bestowed on Felix; who on his part was always meek, grateful, and attentive to his young lord. They became firmly attached to each other, and continued great friends as long as they lived.

SOME ACCOUNT  
OF  
THE HERMIT CRAB.

THE Hermit (or Diogenes) Crab is so called from its solitary disposition, and from its choosing the deserted shell of some other fish for a habitation, which it changes according to its increase of growth.

Nature denies it the protection of a strong covering on the back like the rest of its species; but has, with admirable wisdom, endowed it with an instinct which directs it to seek refuge in the cavity of some other shell on the sea-shore.

It crawls very fast along the beach, with its shell on its back, and at the approach of danger withdraws itself into the shell; and, thrusting out the larger claw, will pinch severely whatever attempts to molest it. It is furnished with a strong hook, by the aid of which it secures itself in its lodging.

It is very amusing to observe the motions of this animal when desirous of changing its shell: it is then seen parading along that line of seaweed, pebbles, and shells, which may be observed at high water mark, dragging its old inconvenient habitation after it, unwilling to part with one dwelling until it is sure of finding one more agreeable.

It is seen stopping at one shell, turning it, and passing on to another, contemplating the second for a while, slipping its tail from the old to try on the new one; if this proves also inconvenient, it quickly regains the old one, and proceeds in its search for a better.

In this manner it goes on till it finds a shell sufficiently light and commodious, though the new one is sometimes so large as entirely to conceal the Hermit from sight, besides the difficulty of suiting itself with a proper habitation. It has yet other trials; a fierce battle often ensues between two Hermits for one favourite shell, which of course can only be obtained by the strongest. They strike with their claws, they pinch, and otherwise annoy each other, till the weakest is obliged to give up the object of dispute. The victor, having obtained possession of the contested shell, parades it backward and forward on the sand in triumph before his discontented and envious antagonist. From its warlike disposition this species is also called the Soldier Crab. It is mostly found to inhabit deserted whelk shells.

The Hermit Crab generally frequents those parts on the seashore which are scattered with trees and shrubs, bearing wild fruits or berries; on which it subsists, although it will eat fragments of fish and other animal substances which are washed on shore by the waves. When attacked by other crabs, or taken by fishermen, it utters a cry, weak but sharp in sound.

THE

## INFANT BROTHER.

How sweetly on his mother's breast  
My infant brother sleeps;  
I love to watch his placid rest,  
But see! he wakes and weeps!

Hush, dearest baby! hush those cries,  
Thou hast no cause for wo;  
Oh! why should tear-drops fill thine eyes,  
Since grief thou canst not know?

Thy gentle heart is pure within,  
And, though 'midst sinners born,  
Thou art a stranger yet to sin,  
Then why should baby mourn?

Thou know'st not yet of care and strife,  
Although thou both must prove;  
For all that thou hast known of life  
Is tenderness and love.

Oh! would, dear baby, that I were  
As guiltless as thou art;  
And might preserve unstain'd and fair  
Such purity of heart.

Then why, dear infant, shouldst thou weep,  
Whilst thou art free from guile?  
If thou that spotless state couldst keep,  
Thou might'st for ever smile.

Then smile, my darling, sweetly yet,  
Ere human care and wo,  
And sin's dire snares thy soul beset,  
And cause thy tears to flow.

Ah, once again, dear babe! I see  
Peace resting on thy brow:  
Oh, would that thou couldst ever be  
As innocent as now.

THE

## YOUNG CHRISTIAN CONVERT.

A GREAT many hundred years ago, when Jerusalem was besieged by the Romans, there was a little girl named Mary, whose father was a rich man among the Jews, but her mother was a Christian, and had taught Mary to believe in the Son of God, and to live according to his holy word and commandment.

At that time Christians were mocked and cruelly treated, and often put to death on account of their religion; but Mary and her mother put their trust in God, and did not fear the wicked men, who could indeed kill the body, but had no power to hurt the soul.

Now it happened that Mary's father was slain during the siege, and the chief rulers among the Jews seized all his wealth, and put Mary and her mother into prison, because they would not deny their belief in the Lord Jesus.

They suffered many things in prison hard to be borne at first, and Mary's mother fell ill with a dangerous fever; but Mary nursed her so tenderly, and prayed to God for his assistance so earnestly, that it pleased him to touch the gaoler's heart with compassion; so that, instead of

the coarse and scanty prison allowance, he gave them nourishing food, and visited and comforted them in their affliction.

The gaoler was a good man, and often in the dead of night, when the other prisoners were asleep, and he heard Mary singing her sweet hymns, and repeating her prayers by the bed of her sick mother, he would listen to her; and when he heard her making supplication to God to forgive their enemies, even those hard-hearted men who had spoiled them of their substance, and put them in prison, he thought that religion must be right which made Mary and her mother so good: and he came so often to listen to their prayers, and inquired of them so earnestly concerning him in whose name they put their trust, that at last he became himself a Christian.

When Mary's mother died, the good gaoler took Mary into his own family, and she soon made his children as good and pious as she was herself.

Now it happened about this time that God sent a dreadful famine into Jerusalem, to punish the Jews for their cruelty to the Christians; and many persons died through extreme hunger: and those wicked men who had robbed Mary and her mother of their substance, soon spent the riches they had taken from the widow and the orphan, and were starved to death; while Mary was actually preserved from perishing by being in prison; for the gaoler had laid

by a store of provisions against the time of scarcity: and though there was barely sufficient for the support of his family, he had compassion on his young prisoner, and gave her an equal share with his own children. So Mary did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and was to him as a daughter.

Thus you see God did not forsake Mary, who put her trust in him, and when almost every child in Jerusalem perished on account of the famine, he raised up a friend for her who feared him, and saved her alive.

## LINES

WRITTEN ON A PURPLE FLOWER GROWING ON  
THE RUINS OF NORWICH WALL.

SWEET flower, whose purple lustre bright,  
As waving with the evening breeze,  
Is soften'd by the pale moonlight,  
Which sheds its radiance through the trees.

Sprung from a hard and flinty soil,  
Which promised not a child so fair,  
Raised without labour, care, or toil,  
Thou spread'st thy fragrance to the air.

From ruin'd pride and fallen state  
Thy matchless colours own their birth;  
An emblem of the changeful fate  
That waits us in our lot on earth.

Those flowers that now so brightly wave  
Their purple honours from on high,  
No tint of brilliancy shall save  
When autumn's chilly blast is nigh.

And quickly will the ruin'd wall,  
Which gave the floweret birth, decay ;  
Soon will its latest remnant fall,  
And all remembrance pass away.

With such reverse is mark'd the fate  
Of those who seek the fading wreath  
Bestow'd by grandeur, fame, and state,  
Nor heed the hastening shades of death.

Yes, they are like thee, lovely flower !  
Like thy bright colours pass away :  
Their beauties vain, their boasted power,  
The fleeting glories of a day.

## INSTANCE OF STRICT VERACITY

IN

A YOUNG PRINCE.

WHEN King Charles the First was put to death by his rebellious subjects in 1649, three of his children, James Duke of York (afterwards King James the Second,) Henry Duke of Gloucester, and the Princess Elizabeth, were in the hands of his enemies, and by them confined in the palace of Whitehall.

The queen their mother, then in France, was very uneasy at the situation of her children, and caused a letter to be privately conveyed to Prince James, urging him to endeavour to make his escape from the enemies of his father, in whose custody he was detained.

The young prince, in obedience to her commands, made the attempt, but was discovered and taken before the council, where he was strictly questioned in order to discover the persons who were privy to his intended flight, and who were his advisers in the affair.

To these questions the young duke refused to answer, with a firmness extraordinary for his age (not having yet attained his thirteenth year.) The members of the council used very severe menaces and threats to frighten him into betraying his friends, but to no purpose.

Finding his resolution was not to be shaken, they proceeded to search him; and having found the queen's letter on his person, they threatened to commit him to the Tower unless he gave a solemn promise not to receive any letters unknown to the council for the future.

At first the prince refused to comply with this injunction; but one of those present, taking him aside, reminded him that the Tower was a fatal place for captive princes, and that were he to be sent to that gloomy abode, he would be separated from his brother and sister, whom he loved so tenderly.

The idea of solitary confinement is very terrible to youthful minds; and the fate of the young King Edward, and his brother Richard Duke of York, who had been so barbarously murdered in the tower, recurred forcibly to the mind of the royal captive, when threatened with imprisonment by men who had not scrupled to bring the king his father to the block. He therefore, but with great reluctance, gave the required promise.

However unwilling Prince James was to pledge his word to this effect, once having done so, no consideration could induce him

to break his promise, or even to evade it. A proof of this occurred shortly afterwards, when an officer of the palace offered him a letter in so secret a manner that he might have taken it without the slightest fear of being detected, but he refused to receive it, saying that it was contrary to the assurance he had so solemnly given the council.

The officer, supposing the young prince suspected his faith, and that it was only a stratagem intended to betray him, said softly in his ear, "Do not fear to receive this letter, it comes from the queen your mother, and contains many things of great importance, and that are of consequence to you. Depend on my fidelity in this matter." "No!" said the prince firmly, "I will not break my word, even to purchase the pleasure of reading a letter from my absent parent, who is dearer to me than any one else in the world;" thus giving an example of strict probity by a sacrifice as painful to his feelings, of duty and filial affection, as it was honourable to his character as an observer of a promise, though reluctantly extorted from him by his enemies.

THE

## SABBATH BELL.

I HEAR the peaceful sabbath bell  
Amidst the hills and valleys swell.  
I hear its tuneful echoes blest  
Proclaim the sacred day of rest.  
Hark! sweetly to the house of prayer  
Its music bids our steps repair,  
In God's own holy courts to raise  
A general voice of grateful praise  
For all his gracious mercies past  
Since there we met together last.  
O heavenly sound of love and peace  
Which bids all earthly labours cease,  
And rich and poor in union seek  
A blessing on the coming week!  
And shall I then neglect the call  
Address'd alike to great and small,  
To young and old, and high and low,  
And all those promises forego,  
Which God has given to all who pay  
Due reverence to the sabbath day;  
Since first we in the holy writ  
Have read, He bless'd and hallow'd it?

## HOW DO YOU SPEND YOUR ALLOWANCE ?

“How do you spend your allowance?” asked Harriet Mason of a young lady who sat next her at a small working party of young friends who had met to pass a sociable afternoon together last Christmas holidays.

“I will not tell you,” replied Catherine Grey, “unless every young lady present consents to answer the same question.”

“Agreed,” said they all. “It will furnish us with conversation and amusement for the whole evening. But who is to begin first?”

“Oh, you, Miss Bradshaw,” said one of the young ladies, “for you are the eldest, and your papa is the richest man in the village, and allows you such a *very handsome sum* for pocket money.”

“Indeed,” said Miss Bradshaw, “I never find my allowance sufficient for my wants; and as to giving an account of the manner in which I spend it, I believe that would be a difficult matter, for I hardly know myself; but I suppose it goes in ribbons, and gloves,

and beads, and a hundred other trifles not worth enumerating."

"Now I spend my money very differently," said Ellen Woods, "for I took a fancy some time ago to buy a beautiful green parrot and a gilt cage, and mamma told me that if I persisted in purchasing so useless a creature, I should buy all the food it consumed out of my allowance; and, indeed, my Poll has so voracious an appetite, that she never leaves me any pocket money to expend in trifles for myself."

"I should be sorry to employ my allowance in so unprofitable a manner," said Helen Ross; "I lay by my money to purchase books, and I have at this time a handsome case filled with neatly bound volumes of my favourite authors; and I assure you I get many commendations from my parents and friends on this account."

"And I," said Miss Martin, "save my money to purchase ornaments. This coral necklace and bracelets I bought out of my last year's savings. Pray, Miss Gibbs, how do you employ yours? doubtless, very sensibly."

"There," said Miss Gibbs, "I assure you you are quite mistaken; for I can never pass by a confectioner's shop without going in, so I leave you to guess what becomes of my money. Now, Harriet Mason, your turn comes next to confess your spendings."

"My spendings," replied Harriet Mason,

“ are very few; I seldom lay out my money in trifles, as I like always to have a little sum at my own disposal. I suppose, young ladies, you have heard that ‘ Farthings oft heaped amount to pounds in time.’ Therefore you will easily credit my assertion when I declare that I have five pounds now in my possession which I have saved from my weekly allowance. Now, Catherine, I claim your promise, for I never could discover in what manner you dispose of your money.”

“ Yes, Miss Grey, it is your turn to satisfy our curiosity,” said all the young ladies eagerly. “ Come with me then, and I will show you,” said Catherine, blushing as she spoke.

The little party, at these words, rose; and, putting on their bonnets and shawls, followed Catherine, who conducted them to a miserable hut in the neighbourhood, where they beheld a family of six young children surrounding a pale sickly looking mother, who held twin infants on her knees. The elder six were making a scanty dinner on coarse bread and potatoes, while their father, stretched on the bed of disease, was a sad spectator of the hardships endured by his wife and wretched children.

“ There, my young friends,” said Catherine, pointing to the sad spectacle before them, “ when I daily behold such scenes of distress in this populous manufacturing district, how is it possible for me to save my allowance, or expend it on unnecessary trifles?”

The young ladies were conscience-stricken, and wondered that they too had never thought of devoting any part of their pocket money to the relief of their distressed fellow creatures. The result of this feeling was, that a small subscription was immediately raised among them, and bestowed on this distressed family.

Miss Mason had it in her power to give the largest sum, and indeed she displayed a munificent spirit on the occasion; but, doubtless, the weekly shilling which the meek and compassionate Catherine privately applied to the relief of the obscure and destitute objects of her charity, was, like the widow's mite, more acceptable in the sight of God than all the gifts which ostentation or shame drew from the purses of her more opulent but selfish companions.

## THE

## EVENING PRIMROSE.

LOVELY blossom, meek and fair,  
Child of placid evening air,  
Sweeter in thy twilight bower  
Than the brightest noonday flower.

When the dazzling sun is nigh,  
Thou dost droop, and withering die,  
For thou canst not bear to be  
Gazed upon so ardently.

But the moon's chaste silvery beam  
On thy modest flowers may stream,  
And thy hues become more bright  
Hourly in her peaceful light.

Floweret, thus should beauty be  
Meek, retiring, like to thee,  
In her graceful mild retreat  
Growing every hour more sweet.

Thus to shrink from public gaze,  
Thus to shun the voice of praise,  
And from folly's train apart,  
Charming every eye and heart.

## MEMOIRS

OF

## THE YOUNG DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

LOUIS Duke of Burgundy (eldest brother of Louis the Sixteenth of France) died when only nine years of age; but, short as his life was, it afforded so beautiful an example of early virtue and true piety, that I am tempted to transcribe a few anecdotes of him, which will, I doubt not, prove equally interesting and useful to my young readers.

Louis had been told that the most dangerous enemies princes could have were flatterers, and when some one bestowed on him praises which he felt convinced were unmerited on his part, he replied, "Sir, I perceive you flatter me; did you really love me, you would tell me the truth." That night, when he retired to his own apartment, he said to his governor, "I must beware of that gentleman, for he is a flatterer."

The surest method of gaining his esteem

was to tell him of his faults. As a proof of this, when asked which of his three pages he loved the best, he replied, "Him who in my earliest years always pointed out my errors, that I might amend them."

A young nobleman once told him that he had no faults, and therefore needed neither advice nor punishment; but the prince, instead of listening to this gross flattery with pleasure, was so much disgusted by it that he entirely withdrew himself from the society of that youth, and avoided all future conversation with him; who, perceiving himself to be slighted by the young prince, soon after left the court, and passed some time in travelling and study. He returned at length to the court an altered character, and was as remarkable for his sincerity and plain manner of speaking as he had before been for his flattery. When Louis perceived this change, he offered him his friendship, saying, "I love you now, because you have discarded that pernicious habit of flattering, and have the courage to tell the truth."

This young prince was so amiable in his disposition, that no expression of offensive raillery or contempt ever escaped his lips at any time. Bodily defects always excited in him feelings of the tenderest sympathy and compassion: his delicacy of behaviour deserves to be recorded on this subject. The conversation one day chanced to turn on deformity, when a person so afflicted was present. The prince gave several hints to

the speaker to change the discourse; but, finding the signs he made to him to drop the subject were not noticed, he approached him, and said very softly, “Are not you afraid of wounding the feelings of *that* gentleman?”

His compassion for the sufferings of the poor must not be forgotten. The first time he was presented by the king with a purse containing the sum of money allowed him for pleasure, he immediately laid aside one half of it to be employed in charitable purposes; but his generosity was always regulated by a strict love of order and economy. He was aware that, in the exercise of true benevolence, it is not alone sufficient to give, but also to select proper objects for charity; neither did he ever permit any personal gratification of his own to interfere with his duty. He would never suffer himself, however tempted he might be, to appropriate a single penny of the little fund which he was accustomed to lay by for the use of the poor and destitute. The young prince once ardently desired to possess a small train of artillery for his diversion. His governor did not oppose his wishes, but casually remarked, in his hearing, “How many distressed objects are there who require relief at this time!”

Louis immediately bestowed in alms the money he had designed for the purchase of the artillery.

Monsieur Tourolle, his head valet de chambre, told him one day that a village, a few miles

from Paris, had been destroyed by fire. “I cannot do all I would, my friend,” exclaimed the generous Louis, “but I must endeavour to do all I *can* to aid these poor villagers.” That very evening the dauphin and dauphiness, his royal parents, with the princesses, his aunts, came to visit him; and he embraced that opportunity of soliciting the assistance of his family for the sufferers, and obtained from each member a sum for their relief, to which he added, without reserve, the whole of his own allowance: by this means laying by for himself “treasures in heaven, where neither moth doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.”

At the age of seven years it was customary for the princes of France to be placed under the care of a governor. When the Duke de Berri had attained that age, Louis (who was his elder brother,) anxious for the improvement of his character, proposed the same plan which had been practised with regard to his own education. This plan was as follows;—

Every eighth day an exact account was written down of his conduct in the preceding week; and at the end of the month the record was examined, and every fault which he had amended was noted down, and a mark placed against those that remained uncorrected. The young prince had preserved these little memorials of his past life with great care, and now said to his brother the Duke de Berri, “I think, my brother, it will be of service to you to see how plain-

ly my friends have dealt with my faults." Then, putting the papers into the hands of his under governor, he said, " Monsieur de Sineti, read aloud without reserve."

During the reading, it was observed that whenever certain passages were read, the Duke of Burgundy blushed, and evinced some symptoms of uneasiness; his governor, pitying his confusion, offered to leave off reading: "No," said he firmly, "I wish you to read every thing; but I think I may venture to say that I have amended *that* fault."

When Louis was told the marks of affection which the people of France had testified for his grandfather Louis the Fifteenth during a dangerous fit of illness; on which occasion that monarch had received from his subjects the name of Louis the Well-Beloved, he exclaimed: "How sensibly touched ought the king to be with such proofs of his people's attachment! I would willingly purchase such a pleasure, even at the expense of suffering from the same malady."

Shortly after this the health of the young prince began to decline, and serious apprehensions were entertained for his life, insomuch that he was obliged to submit to a severe surgical operation being performed, which he bore with the most unshrinking fortitude.

A few days afterwards he wrote thus to the dauphin his father: "I entreat you to permit me to continue my studies; I am fearful of forget-

ting the knowledge I have acquired, and am very desirous of further improvement."

Notwithstanding the skill of his physicians, he grew worse from day to day; but his patience and resignation increased with his sufferings, in the course of which he did not allow a murmur to escape him; and during his long and painful illness he behaved with the utmost mildness and sweetness to those around him, never addressing a hasty or unkind word to any of his attendants, but was always anxious lest the health of his servants should be injured by their close attendance on him. He was greatly concerned when his restlessness prevented others from sleeping; and if he wanted any thing during the night, he always asked for it very softly, that he might not disturb all the persons who slept in his chamber. "My poor Tourolle," said he one day to that faithful servant, "you will kill yourself by such unremitting attendance on me; go and take the air, I shall not need your services for some time."

Another of his attendants was afflicted with acute rheumatism: on which the prince observed to his governor the *Duc de la Vauguyon*, "I beg you will not permit *Benevant* to sit up with me; loss of rest will aggravate his complaint: and let me entreat you and *Tourolle* to take a little repose."

When informed that his last hour drew nigh, he received the intelligence with perfect resignation; being persuaded that the pleasures and grandeur which he might have enjoyed in this

life were not worthy to be compared with those unspeakable joys which God has prepared, in a future state, for those who love him; who has also assured us, by the words of his holy prophet, that “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.”

## LINES

ON

## THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

SLEEP on, lovely infant, how calm is thy rest  
In happy oblivion below ;  
Already enjoying the lot of the blest,  
Secure from all trouble and wo.

Oh ! early the floweret was broken and crush'd,  
And snapp'd from the sorrowing stem ;  
Ere the opening leaves of the rosebud had  
blush'd,  
It was moisten'd by sympathy's gem.

But mourn not the fall of this perishing flower,  
Oh, turn not in anguish away ;  
For Heaven, in mercy and fulness of power,  
Has granted it glory's pure ray.

## ST. JOHN

AND

## THE FALLEN PROSELYTE.

LET us beware of the first fault we commit. We do not become wicked all at once, but are led on by slow degrees into the commission of great crimes. We first omit some trifling duty; we then commit some trifling fault: we flatter ourselves that it is but for once we have transgressed, and there is yet time for amendment, but we neglect that time, and put off reformation till more duties have been forgotten, more faults committed; it then becomes a burden to our consciences to remember these things, and we dismiss them as much as possible from our thoughts. From little faults we go on to greater ones; and in the end stray so deeply into the thorny path of error, that we fear to look back; and, deeming all return impossible, blindly follow the broad way which in the end leadeth to destruction. But let us not despair; it is never too late to repent, and forsake our sins. "Let the wicked forsake

his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and turn unto the Lord his God, and he will have mercy, and unto his God, and he will abundantly pardon." Listen to the story of the holy apostle St. John and the Youth of Ephesus.

After the death of the Roman Emperor Domitian, St. John, the beloved disciple of our Lord, was recalled from the island of Patmos, to which place he had been banished by command of that tyrant.\*

The apostle then came to Ephesus, a city in Asia, where he passed some time in regulating the affairs of the churches there established by St. Paul; in constituting bishops, and electing into the clergy such men as were willing to devote themselves to the service and ministry of Christ's church.

Among the Christian converts who daily attended to hear the word of God, there was a widow who had a young son, a youth of most prepossessing countenance and great promise; and she, entering the church where the apostle then was, besought him to give her child

\* During the reign of the Emperor Domitian, the Christian church underwent a fierce persecution; many good men being cruelly put to death, or deprived of their goods and lands, and banished to distant places on account of their belief in the Lord Jesus. According to the accounts of the earliest Christian writers, St. John the Divine was exiled, with many others, to the island of Patmos; but after the death of Domitian, he returned from banishment, and went to Ephesus.

baptism, saying, "He is mine only son, the child of mine old age. Behold, now I am infirm, and drawing near to my latter days. Let my aged eyes, therefore, see my son received into the flock of Christ, as a member of his church; so may I be able to say, in the words of holy Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'" Then the apostle called for water, and baptized the young Demetrius, and would have given him back to the care of his mother; but she, with much earnestness, entreated St. John to let the youth continue with him, that he might be instructed in all goodness. Then Demetrius continued to abide with St. John, who loved the youth greatly; and, finding him of an ardent disposition, took great pains in teaching him the way in which he should walk; and when the time came in which it was necessary that he should depart that city, St. John presented Demetrius to the bishop whom he had lately ordained, and said, "This youth do I commit to thy especial care; see thou that he swerve not from the right way, but continue a faithful and worthy member of the church of Christ." The bishop promised obedience, and St. John departed.

For some time Demetrius continued to persevere in the life of virtue and goodness which had been recommended to him by his beloved master; but youth is by nature prone to error; and he, by degrees, relaxing some-

what of his care over himself, suffered light and vain thoughts to take possession of his mind and influence his conduct.

It chanced, one beautiful evening, as Demetrius was returning from his accustomed meditation in the fields, just without the suburbs, his attention was excited by a gay procession of youths and maidens crowned with chaplets of flowers, and bearing baskets of roses in their hands, going to assist in the celebration of certain games, as was the yearly custom of that city.

Pleased with the festival that had been one of the delights of his early youth before the powerful words of St. John had induced his mother to abjure idolatry, Demetrius stayed his steps to observe them; and they, filled with admiration at his fair countenance and comely presence, besought him to bear them company. Demetrius at first withstood their entreaties, and would have passed on; but one among them, approaching the spot where he yet stood, flung about him a robe of Tyrian purple, and placed round his brows a chaplet of flowers, crying out in praise of his beauty and graceful mien. Pleased yet half ashamed, Demetrius listened to the flattering applauses of the crowd; till, yielding in an evil hour to temptation, he consented to make one in the procession.

From this time his love of admiration increased, and vanity often induced him to join in the scenes of gayety and pleasure to which

he was enticed by his new associates; nor can it be a matter of surprise if, in the festive revels or the sumptuous banquet, he forgot those precepts of temperance and morality which he had learned from his master the holy apostle St. John.

Taught by his companions to despise the simple garb he had been wont to wear, he exchanged it for one of more costly materials, as better befitted to his new mode of life. Demetrius no longer felt that relish for religion, and that love for virtue, which had once occupied all his thoughts; so true it is that we cannot serve two masters, we cannot love God and the world. In the pursuit of pleasure, Demetrius neglected his duties; he ceased to hallow the sabbaths, or to offer up his prayers in private with that zeal and devotion which had formerly inspired him in his days of innocence and purity, and soon they were altogether neglected and forgotten.

In the hours of mirth and revelry the misguided youth, intoxicated with wine, and encouraged by the example of his companions, joined them in pouring forth libations to the honour of the heathen deities, and singing choruses composed in their praise; adding to his other sins that great and forbidden one of bowing down to idols. Thus was the wretched Demetrius led on step by step in the path of error, till he became so deeply entangled in guilt that, despairing of ever being able to re-

gain that fair character for virtue for which he had once been so highly distinguished, he rushed headlong on, stifling in his breast the still small voice of conscience, which from time to time warned him of the error of his ways. So often had he disregarded the inward monitress, that now she spoke no more; or, if she did, it was but to drive him to a greater degree of despair. She told of time mispent, of blighted hopes, of past happiness never to return, of present misery, and future agony. Such was the tale she told!

Pressed at length for the payment of a debt which he had incurred, and unable to satisfy his importunate creditor, the unfortunate youth in a moment of desperation consented to join his associates in an act of unlawful plunder, in the commission of which he was taken prisoner. Disdaining to suffer the penalty due to his crime, he contrived to elude the vigilance of his gaoler, and escape from the prison; then joining his accomplices, he withdrew into the woods and desert wilds, where he became the leader of a band of fierce and lawless robbers, who by their cruelty and depredations spread terror and dismay through all the neighbouring towns and villages.

Few of those who had formerly beheld him could now have recognised in the fierce and guilty countenance of the robber chief the once beautiful and pure Demetrius. The light of virtue and truth, which had been wont to irrad-

ate those noble features, had given place to an expression of rage and despair terrible to look upon. Such was the change which years of crime had wrought in him whom we formerly beheld as the beloved disciple of the holy apostle St. John.

It happened, some years after these things had taken place, that St. John returned again to Ephesus, to reform some abuses which had crept into the church during his absence. Having arranged these matters to his satisfaction, he turned to the bishop, saying, "Restore to me, O bishop, that treasure which was committed to thy charge some time since."

The bishop, unable to comprehend the true meaning of these words, was greatly troubled in his mind, thinking he had been falsely accused by some one of wasting the revenues of the church, or appropriating the goods thereof to his own private advantage.

Then the venerable apostle, seeing that the bishop was sorely perplexed, said, "I demand of thee that which I committed to thy care; even the soul of young Demetrius! How is the young man our son?"

At these words the bishop, with a countenance full of sorrow, replied, "Demetrius is dead!" then perceiving the spirit of John to be greatly troubled, he added, "He is indeed dead in trespasses and sins, and is no more worthy to be called thy son, he having become the captain of a band of robbers." At

these words the apostle rent his clothes, and smiting his breast in heaviness of spirit, said, “I fear me I left but a careless shepherd over the flock of my Lord and Master; since thou hast permitted the wolf to enter into the fold, and take from thence the fairest of the flock. But I will go to him, and will yet, with God’s help, bring back the wanderer.” So saying, he departed.

Alone and unarmed, save by the staff on which he leaned to aid his declining steps, bent with years surpassing those usually allotted to the life of man, the holy Evangelist entered upon the wild haunts of the young robber chief and his lawless band. He hears, as he proceeds, the sound of approaching steps, and beholds the forms of armed men advancing towards him. Inspired by a divine courage, and intent on his mission, the apostle pressed forwards and presented himself before Demetrius and his band of armed men.

How shall we find words to tell the feelings of shame, of anguish, and remorse that assailed the heart of the robber chief as the saintly form of his once loved and still revered master met his view. The eye of the robber chief sunk abashed beneath the glance of sad reproof with which the apostle regarded him. Fain would he have concealed himself from the presence of that venerable being whose years seemed as though they had been prolonged in order to call his guilt to remembrance. Demetrius could not endure that

the master who had beheld him only in his days of happiness, when he was yet pure and unstained by crime, should look upon him in his now degraded state; and, overwhelmed with grief and shame, he turned to fly from him, but the deep sweet tones of that voice which he had been wont to obey, and which had never spoken in vain, now recalled him: "Turn thee, my son, wherefore dost thou fear me? behold, I am aged and defenceless! He that died for thee upon the cross now calls unto thee by me; therefore turn thee yet while there is time given to thee, and repent, and call upon the Lord thy God; for He is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil. Fear not, there is yet salvation for thee; forsake the evil of thy way, and thou shalt find rest unto thy soul, for great is his mercy unto those that call upon him."

The appeal was not heard in vain. Humbled in spirit, and filled with a deep sense of his own unworthiness, the repentant sinner prostrated himself at the feet of the apostle; and, burying his face in the folds of his garments, murmured out, "Father, receive your child again! I have deeply sinned before God, and in thy sight; intercede for me at the throne of grace; and may God be merciful to me a sinner!"

Kneeling on the ground beside the prostrate penitent, the holy apostle, with fervent zeal, prayed for pardon and remission of his sins.

“God, my son,” said he at length, “accepts thy tears, and listens to thy prayers. Thy Redeemer receives thee once more into his church, baptized a second time in tears. Thy sins are forgiven thee; go, and sin no more.” As he pronounced these words, he raised his repentant proselyte from the earth, pouring into his wounded soul the balm of holy consolation, and strengthening him with the promise of our Blessed Lord, “That there is indeed joy in heaven with the angels of God over the sinner that repenteth.”\*

\* The facts of this story are drawn from a relation contained in Book III. chap. xii. of Eusebius Pamphylus's *Ecclesiastical History*.

## DESCRIPTION

OF

## THE GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS.

MY DEAR SISTER,

You may remember that, on my parting from you, I promised to give you an account of every object worthy of attention which I might meet with during my travels with our dear father, for whose kindness in permitting me to be the companion of his voyage to Zante, and up the Levant, I can never be sufficiently grateful. Last week he gratified me by a sight of that most surprising natural curiosity, the Grotto of Antiparos; and as you, my dear Emma, have probably never read a description of this beautiful place, I will endeavour to give you some little account of its wonders, which will not, I trust, prove wholly devoid of interest and amusement to you.

Antiparos, the island in which this celebrated grotto is situated, is in the Archipelago, separated from the island of Paros by a strait nearly

seven miles over. It is about sixteen miles in circumference, and produces wine, cotton, and corn, besides several sorts of fruit, and is but thinly inhabited.

On this island, in pursuance of our design, we landed, after a delightful little voyage. Having walked upwards of four miles through beautiful flowery plains and sloping woodlands, we came at length to a little hill, on one side of which yawned a most dark and dismal cavern. The first sight of this horrid place gave me some uneasiness, especially when my father declared his intention of entering it. For a few minutes, I declined accompanying him; but when I saw him preparing to enter the fearful abyss, I could not endure that he should alone encounter its perils; therefore I resolved to follow him, and we entered the mouth of the cave. Here I was startled by the appearance of a figure of gigantic height, and I would have retreated, but my father presently convinced me that this figure was nothing more than a sparry concretion caused by the dropping of water from the roof of the cave, which had by degrees hardened into the resemblance of a human form, which the superstition of the peasantry had in former ages imagined to be a giant guarding the entrance of his dwelling.

As we proceeded further in our researches, new wonders presented themselves on every side. Whatever you have read in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" of the subterranean

groves of precious stones through which Aladdin passed in search of his wonderful lamp, is here realized, without exaggerated description. Nature has formed the appearance of groves of trees and shrubs, by means of a variety of beautiful petrifications and crystallizations of a thousand brilliant colours and fantastic shapes. The effect of this petrified grove, rising in solemn majesty in such profound solitude, is very grand; and impresses one's mind with feelings of awe and astonishment. How mean are the finest productions of art, when compared with those wonderful works of the Creator, whose ways are unsearchable and past finding out: such were my reflections as I surveyed the scene before me; but as yet we had but beheld the portico, as it were, of this amazing temple. In a remote corner of this sort of antichamber we were shown a passage not more than three feet in width, which seemed to terminate in total darkness.

Our guides having provided themselves with torches, ladders, and ropes, in order to facilitate our descent, we ventured into the gloomy recess one by one, till we lost all sight of daylight. The depth we had to descend was prodigious; our way appeared fraught with so much peril, that I will confess to you, my dear sister, for a minute or two my resolution again began to waver, when I beheld the ragged rocks and dark caverns on every side threatening to ingulf those who might have the ill fortune to slip or make

a false step in the obscure and dangerous paths through which we sometimes walked and sometimes crept; but my curiosity had been already so much excited by what I had seen, that I resolved to proceed, and, encouraged by my father, I went on.

After descending two frightful precipices, we passed through a slanting passage of rough and coarse marble, full of strange and uncouth figures, some resembling animals, others like snakes coiled round, and looking as though they were alive and in readiness to spring upon us, but in reality as cold, hard and inanimate as the wall on which they grew (if I may be permitted to use the expression.) About two hundred yards further, as we proceeded along this descent, we saw two pillars of fine glittering marble, of a yellow colour, which appeared as though they had been designed to support the roof, but they were of a brittle friable substance, that crumbled with almost a touch. Passing between these columns, we found ourselves on the brink of another precipice more steep and dangerous than those we had before descended. Our guides, however, for fear of accident, fastened ropes round our waists, as there were lakes of deep water all the way on the left hand side. We reached the last passage, or rather alley I should call it, in safety; but we had some difficulty in making our way through it, owing to the ragged rocks that hung over our heads, and the broken and precipitous paths we followed;

every now and then we perceived by the glaring of the torches, dismal lakes and deep pits of water on either side of us.

On a sudden four of our six guides disappeared; and though the other two encouraged us to proceed, I felt uneasy respecting them, supposing, in all probability, they had by some mischance fallen into the dark waters that surrounded us. While I was still lost in conjecture, I was not a little alarmed by finding myself in utter darkness, the guides having by some means extinguished their torches, an accident which I could not help considering very careless on their parts. For some minutes we continued to grope our way forward very slowy, unable to distinguish the least glimmering of light, but in hopes of discovering our lost companions. I kept fast hold of the hand of my guide fearful of losing my way. My dismay at our situation can only be equalled by my admiration and astonishment, when one of our guides, assisting me over an immense fragment of marble rock that obstructed our way, bade me look around me. What a change was here! Instead of dark and frightful rocks, and gloomy caverns, such as we had passed through, all was splendour and magnificence: this beautiful place was illuminated by fifty torches, whose lights were reflected by a thousand rays from the glittering crystals and many-coloured spars which hung in brilliant wreaths from the roof

and sides of this wondrous grotto. Our lost guides, who had only slipped away to light up the cavern against our approach, now appeared, and bade us welcome to the Grotto of Antiparos. The other two I found had purposely extinguished their torches, in order to render our surprise the greater on emerging from utter darkness into this pavilion of light and glory.

How did I at this moment wish for your company, my dear Emma, that you might have shared in my feelings of delight and wonder on beholding this magnificent production of nature! My description of its beauties can convey to your mind but a faint and imperfect idea of the grandeur of the scene; I only wish you could have beheld with me the great original.

The grotto in which we were is a cavern one hundred and twenty yards wide, and one hundred and thirteen in length, and seems about sixty in height; the depth from the surface of the ground where we first began to descend is considered to be, as near as can be judged, not less than four hundred and eighty five yards.

The roof of this cave formed a most spacious and superb arch, which was adorned with crystals resembling icicles of every form you can imagine; solid as marble, yet transparent as glass: some of them ten and twelve feet long, thick as a man's waist at the base,

and slender towards the extremity. From these hung festoons of leaves and flowers, of the same exquisite brilliancy, but varying in colour and size.

The sides of the arch were adorned with clusters of trees cut, as it were, out of alabaster, and rising beyond each other entwined with fanciful wreaths of crystal and spar, that depended from above, and seemed tied, as it were, to each other in luxuriant garlands.

The floor we trod upon was strewed with every different sort of crystal, red, blue, green, and yellow, forming in some places the appearance of rivers and streams. All these things are made by the dropping of the water during a long course of years. Round the lower sides of the grotto are masses of marble resembling oak trees and in the midst of this amphitheatre rose a concretion about fifteen feet in height, which bore the form of an altar, round which were columns of various colours, which appeared like fantastic candlesticks; and the torches which our guides had placed in them made the deception more pleasing.

Upon our egress from the Grotto of Antiparos, we were shown an inscription in Greek characters, engraved on a rock at the entrance of the cave, but so effaced by time that we could only guess at the import, which seemed to be that it was written by one Antipater in the days of Alexander the Great, who had

entered the cavern, but whether he had penetrated into its depths we could not ascertain.

Thus my dear Emma, have I endeavoured to give you some little account of the Grotto of Antiparos, of which I have yet many particulars to relate, but must defer them till we meet again; when I shall have great pleasure in presenting you with some very fine specimens of crystal and spar, which curiosities I have preserved for you as an addition to your present collection. Should I meet with any thing worthy of attention, I shall make a memorandum of it for your amusement.

In the mean time I beg you to accept the sincere regards of your absent, but very affectionate.

Brother and Friend,

RICHARD HERBERT.

ZANTE, May 3, 1826

## HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

OH God ! thy wondrous works I view  
Whene'er I look around,  
Not more in heaven's celestial blue  
Than on the lowly ground ;  
Where e'en the meanest herb and flower  
Bear marks of an Almighty power.

That power is seen when tempests rise,  
And wild winds vex the deep,  
Nor less when in unclouded skies  
The stars their vigil keep,  
And in uncounted myriads roll  
In their bright course from pole to pole.

The living things of earth and air  
To Thee their being owe ;  
And in their wondrous forms declare  
Thy glorious works below.  
Oh ! who could gaze on them, and see  
No trace, Almighty God, of thee ?

Stars, sun, and moon, and day and night,  
Thy power alike proclaim ;  
And midnight gloom and noonday bright  
To Thee are both the same :  
Thou art in all, and shall not we  
In them adore thy majesty ?

But these shall in the wreck of time  
Wax old as doth a robe ;  
And thy Almighty power sublime  
Shall change this earthly globe :  
Yea, these shall fail, but Thou shalt be  
The same to all eternity !

SOME ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
TERMES FATALE BELLICASUS,  
OR WHITE ANT, NATIVE OF AFRICA.

THE White Ant is an insect of so curious and interesting a description, and so little known, that I am induced to offer a few particulars respecting its wonderful labours and sagacious habits to the attention of my young readers.

The works of the white ant as much exceed those of the common ants, of bees, of wasps, and beavers, as the buildings of the Europeans excel those of the Africans and other uncivilized people.

The structures which the white ants erect rise to ten and twelve feet in height above the surface of the earth. These buildings are divided into separate compartments; the most striking of which are the royal apartments, the nurseries, magazines for provision, the arched

chambers and galleries, with their various communications, the ranges of gothic-shaped arches, some of which are two and three feet high, and the numerous roads and avenues, sloping staircases, and bridges; which latter are constructed in such a manner as to shorten the distance between the several parts of the building. In some parts of Senegal the number, magnitude, and closeness of these buildings make them appear in the distance like the villages of the natives; and yet the labourers employed in this service are not more than a quarter of an inch in length. There are three distinct ranks or orders among them, constituting a well regulated economy. They are as follow: first, the labourers, or working insects; next, the soldiers, or fighting order, who do no kind of labour themselves, but superintend the work of the labourers, and are larger than the former, being equal in bulk to about fifty of them; lastly, the winged or perfect insect, which may be termed the nobility of the state, for they neither fight, give orders, nor work, being incapable of defending themselves: they are capable, however, of being elected kings and queens; and nature has so ordered it, that they emigrate shortly after they have been elevated to this state, and either found new kingdoms, or perish in the course of a few days by becoming the prey of innumerable birds, fishes, and reptiles. The first order, or labourers, are by far the most numerous, being in the proportion of a hundred to one of the soldiers.

As soon as the labourers have elected a king and queen, they protect them from their enemies by enclosing them in a chamber of clay, where the queen soon begins to lay her eggs, sometimes to the surprising number of eighty thousand in the course of four and twenty hours. These eggs are instantly removed by her attendants, of whom there is always a sufficient number waiting in the royal chamber and adjacent galleries, and carried to the nurseries, which are sometimes five feet distant. Here, after they are hatched, the young insects are attended upon with the greatest care, and provided with all things necessary for their support till such time as they are able to shift for themselves, and in their turns take part in the labour of the community in general.

Many curious and striking particulars are related by naturalists of the devastations committed by these singular insects, who occasion great loss to the cultivators of the soil by reason of the covered roads which they construct, diverging in all directions from the nest, and leading to every object of plunder within their reach. Yet such is the economy of nature, that the mischief they commit is sufficiently counterbalanced by the good produced by them. How many things there are that at first sight appear to us as great evils, or useless in the scale of creation, but which, on mature reflection, are found to be perfectly consistent with the wisdom and goodness of that merciful Being who planned the beautiful world we inhabit.

These termites, indeed, are frequently pernicious to mankind; but they are also very serviceable, and even necessary, in destroying dead trees and decayed substances, which, if left on the surface of the ground in these hot climates, would in a short time pollute the air.

Such is the alacrity of these insects in this office that they will, in the space of a few weeks, destroy and carry away the bodies of large trees, without leaving a particle behind them; thus clearing the place for useful vegetation, which soon fills up every vacancy: and in places where two or three years before, a populous town has flourished (if the inhabitants have abandoned it from any cause, as is frequently the case,) there shall spring up a thick wood, and all trace of habitation disappear; the termes not leaving even the vestige of a post or beam to encumber the face of the earth.

Such is the strength of the buildings erected by these puny insects, that when they are raised to little more than half their height, it is the practise of the wild bulls to take advantage of their elevation, and stand as sentinels upon them, while the rest of the herd are ruminating below. When at their full height, which is from ten to twelve feet above the surface, they are used by the natives, and also by the Europeans, as places to look out from over the tops of the long-

grass\*, which here grows to the astonishing height of thirteen feet upon an average, so as entirely to obstruct the view of distant objects.

The conduct of these creatures, if an attack is made on their buildings, is very remarkable. At the first stroke given by a hoe or pickaxe, a soldier immediately appears, and walks about the breach, examining minutely the point from which the attack was made. In a short time he is followed by two or three more, who anxiously examine the injury; these are quickly joined by others; and, in a short time, the whole body rush out as fast as the breach will permit, their numbers increasing as long as any one continues to assault them; during which time they are in a state of the most violent bustle and agitation; some of them employed in beating with their forceps upon the building, making a noise that may be heard to the distance of two or three feet.

On ceasing to disturb them, the soldiers retire, and are succeeded by the labourers; who hasten in various directions toward the breach, each bearing in his mouth a burden

\* The Guinea grass, which is so well known and so highly esteemed by the planters in the West Indies, grows in Africa to the height of thirteen feet; which height it attains in the course of five or six months; so rapidly does vegetation proceed in hot climates. The growth of other plants bears the same proportion.

of mortar properly tempered. Though there are millions of them, so well regulated are they that they never embarrass one another in their labours; and in the course of a short time a wall is raised by the diligence of these wonderful insects, that completely fills up the chasm that had been made.

One soldier attends every six hundred or thousand labourers; these appear to be directors and overseers of the work, for they never touch the mortar themselves, either to lift or carry it. One soldier in particular places himself against the wall which is being repaired, and frequently makes the noise already mentioned, which is answered by a loud hiss from the labourers, who evidently redouble their exertions. It is worthy of observation that these creatures are regulated by such exact laws, that no emergency, however great, will ever induce the fighting order, or soldiers, to work, or the labourers to take the office of defenders or overseers. The obstinacy of the soldiers is so great, that they will fight to the last, disputing every inch of ground so as often to drive away the negroes who are without shoes, and make the white people bleed plentifully through their stockings.—Such are particulars which ingenious travellers and naturalists have given us respecting the habits and economy of the *Termes Bellicosus*, or African White Ant.

THE

## ORPHAN BROTHER AND SISTER.

EMILY and Josiah Rivers were the orphan children of a poor clergymen, who died when Emily was fourteen, and Josiah eight years of age. A few months before, these children had lost their mother, and their father had been forced to spend all his money, and even sell his furniture to pay the expenses incurred by her illness; so that, at his death, his young son and daughter were left in mean lodgings in London, with neither money nor friends, and entirely devoid of means for their support. This was a sad situation for children of their tender years; but they were too much absorbed in grief for the loss of their dear papa, to think of their destitute circumstances at first: and it was not till they returned from his funeral, and entered their lonely apartment, now so silent and desolate, that they felt the full extent of their loss, and began to wonder what would become of them.

“Oh, Emily! dear sister Emily!” said Josiah, raising his streaming eyes to the pale face of his sorrowing sister, “what shall we do

without dear papa? who will feed and clothe us, and take care of us, now he is gone?" "Even He, my brother, who clothes the lilies of the field, and feedeth the young ravens when they call upon him," replied Emily, struggling to overcome the grief which almost choked her utterance, that she might console her young brother. "Do not think, dear Josiah, that God, who has been pleased to deprive us of our earthly parent, will leave us destitute. We are now his children; for has he not said, 'Leave your fatherless children to my care?' Let us then, my dear brother, put our whole trust in him, and he will not forsake us in our time of need." Josiah tenderly loved his sister, and was accustomed to look up to her for counsel in all his little difficulties, and for comfort in all his sorrows; and his tears flowed with less violence as he listened to her soothing words. After a silence of a few minutes, Josiah raised his head from his sister's shoulder; and taking her hand, and looking anxiously in her face, he said, "Emily, I am very hungry, and so must you be, for you have eaten nothing since last night. You said that God would feed us, but how is that to be?"

"By giving us ability and resolution to seek our own living by the labour of our hands, and by sending down his blessing upon our endeavours for that purpose," replied Emily; "and as that is not to be obtained by wasting

the precious time in fruitless tears and lamentations, let us see what can be done."

Emily then put on her bonnet, and taking her little brother by the hand, went to the shop of a stationer, of whom her father used to purchase books and paper; and, having informed him of their distressed circumstances, asked him if he would employ her to make pens and rule account books.

"Poor children, yours is a hard case, to be left in such distress at your tender age; I am heartily sorry for your situation, and would willingly render you any assistance that lies in my power," said Mr. Brooks; "but I fear," said he to Emily, "if I were to give thee such employment as thou desirest, thou wouldest only spoil my books, and cut up my quills to no purpose."

"You would not say so, sir, if you knew what nice pens my sister Emily makes," said Josiah, looking anxiously up in Mr. Brooks' face as he spoke. "And what shouldst thou know of the matter, my little man?" said Mr. Brooks good-humouredly, patting Josiah's head.

"Dear sir, who should know better than I, when my sister Emily has mended all my pens, and ruled my copies, ever since poor papa fell ill? and papa himself said she made better pens than he did; and my papa never told stories."

"If you would allow me to cut a few quills in your presence, sir, I think I could satisfy you of my abilities in that way," said Emily modestly.

" Well, well, my dear child!" said Mr. Brooks, putting some quills before her, " let me see what thou canst do."

Emily made six pens, and begged Mr. Brooks to try them; he did so, and finding them very good ones, and neatly cut, he gave her a hundred quills, showing her at the same time the method of binding them into bundles when made; and told her he would give her a shilling for her work if well done, and he would endeavour to give her a constant employment either in making pens or ruling copy books.

Emily rejoiced in having a prospect before her of earning an honest livelihood, could hardly find words to express the gratitude she felt for Mr. Brooks' kindness; and, with a glad heart and light step, she returned to her lodgings. When there, she told the mistress of the house that she had obtained an employment by which she thought she could earn sufficient money to support herself and her brother, and to pay for the rooms they then occupied; and asked her to let them remain in her house on the same terms. Then the good woman agreed to let them stay, and told Josiah she would give him two shillings a week if he would go on errands for her, and answer the door when any one knocked, for she did not keep a servant. Josiah gladly accepted her offer, and promised to be careful and diligent in all she required of him; and he felt happy that he too had it in his power to earn a trifle; for as he was such a

little boy, he did not think he could have done any thing to contribute towards his maintenance.

Josiah was always so quick in going on errands, and performing the little services that the good mistress of the house required from him, that he had plenty of time to strip the quills for Emily, and read to her while she made the pens.

When Emily had finished her job, she tied the pens into four bundles according to Mr. Brooks' directions, and carried them to the shop; and so well pleased was he with the manner in which they were done, that he gave her a thousand quills to cut into pens at the same price, and requested her to bring home five hundred as soon as they were finished, as he supposed she might be in need of the money before the rest were completed.

"This is very considerate of you, sir," said Emily; "for as I have no more money than the shilling you have just paid me, I should have been in want of bread for myself and my brother before I could have made a thousand pens." "Poor child!" said Mr. Brooks, "thou wilt have a thousand uses for that solitary shilling before two days are gone. I am not a rich man, for I have a numerous family of my own; but I can spare a trifle for the relief of the virtuous and industrious when in distress like thine. Take this, my child; I wish it were double for thy sake." Saying this, he put into Emily's hand a crown piece. Emily could only thank

him by her tears, for the heart of the orphan girl was too full to find words by which to express the gratitude she felt; but her kind friend knew all she would have said, and bade her hasten home to her brother, who might be wanting her, as it was getting late.

Emily did not forget to remind Josiah that God had not suffered them to want bread, nor forsaken them in their distress; and before they went to bed, she made him read to her the sixth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, and then join with her in returning thanks to their Heavenly Father for his past mercies vouchsafed towards them, and to implore a continuance of his favour for the time to come.

The next day they rose as soon as it was light, knelt down side by side, and, with uplifted hands and earnest minds, begged a blessing on their employments, and thanked that Power which had watched over their slumbers, and permitted them to behold the light of another day. After this duty was performed, they each read a chapter in the Bible; and Emily repeated to her brother this beautiful verse from Pope's Universal Prayer:—

This day be bread and peace my lot,  
All else beneath the sun  
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,  
So let thy will be done.

They then partook of their frugal breakfast, and proceeded to perform the business of the

day. While Emily made the bed, and set the room in order, Josiah stripped a number of quills against she was at leisure to begin making the pens; and then went down to the mistress of the house to receive her orders. Sometimes she set him to clean out her bird-cages, and supply the birds with seeds and water, for she sold birds and little animals, such as dormice, and squirrels, and guineapigs; and she had a great many cages full of canaries, and goldfinches, and linnets, and turtle doves; and it was a pleasing task for the young Josiah to feed these pretty creatures, and attend on them: besides he loved to watch their different movements, and listen to their sweet notes. When he had attended on his little family, as he called them, he went on all the errands the good woman wished, and never stopped to look into the shops, or to play with the idle boys, who often tried to entice him from his business; but Josiah knew his employer would be displeased with such conduct: and he also knew it would give great pain to his sister Emily if he got into bad habits, and kept bad and improper company; so he did all his biddings with due diligence, and by this means he was commended by his employer, and had time to learn his tasks and to assist Emily in preparing her quills. Some children would have thought it a trouble and hardship to learn lessons and write copies, after having worked hard all day; but Josiah, though but a little boy, was well aware of the value and importance

of a good education: and he was very thankful to his kind sister, who took so much pains to teach him; and he was always glad when evening was come, because he had nothing more to do, but could sit down quietly at Emily's little table, and read aloud to her in some well chosen book of history, or travels, or biography, or moral poetry; for they still were the possessors of their father's little library: and Emily would rather have lived on bread and water than have parted with any of the books which she had read with that beloved parent, and from which he had given her such sweet lessons of religion and virtue. And now that beloved instructor was gone, these volumes seemed more than ever precious in her sight: they were endeared to her by a thousand tender recollections; and when perusing their pages, she seemed once more to be holding converse with that dear parent, though he was low in the dust. There were passages too in some of the books remarkable for some moral sentiment, which he had marked with his pencil for her observation; and when she met with these, her eyes would fill with tears, and she would sigh at the recollection of past hours spent in the society of the friend and instructor of her youth; but she was too sincere a Christian to repine at the will of God, or to indulge long in feelings of vain regret, which would serve only to weaken her exertions, and render her less active in the path of duty which it was necessary for her to pursue. Though earnest

in the performance of her daily labour, Emily neither neglected her religious duties nor the improvement of her brother's morals; and she strove, with the care of a mother, to impress on his young mind a hatred of vice, and a love of virtue and probity.

She was aware this child was at an age when the mind is so apt to be biased by the influence of bad companions to do that which is wrong, and from ~~all~~ such it was her constant care to warn him. Emily remembered that this little boy had lost his parents at an earlier period of life than herself; and she endeavoured to supply to him, as far as laid in her power, their place. Hers was a labour of love, and the young Josiah fully repaid her by his dutiful conduct and strict attention to all her commands; nor would he have done any thing contrary to her wishes, or have given her willingly a moment's uneasiness on any account whatever.

In the course of a little time Emily became so expert in the use of her penknife, that with the assistance of Josiah in stripping the quills, she could complete a thousand pens in the week. Every Saturday she carried home her work, and received the payment for it of Mr. Brooks; who sometimes gave her account books or copy books to rule, if he had no quills for her to cut; for which he paid her as liberally as he could afford to do, and often sent a little present of fruit or cakes, or any delicacy which he thought might be agreeable to her and her little brother.

One week with another Emily and Josiah earned from ten to twelve shillings: with part of this Emily purchased provisions; paid the woman of the house for her lodgings; a proportion she laid by every week for the purchase of clothes and shoes, and any little expenses that might occur; and a trifle she laid aside for the relief of any distressed object who might be in greater need than themselves. "There are many poor orphans in this great city, my dear brother," would Emily say (when making the little weekly deposit in the box set apart for that purpose,) "who are far worse off than we are, or than we have ever been; and who have not, like us, received the advice and instruction of a kind and good parent, nor the education to enable them to procure for themselves an honest living: shall not we consider their necessities, and lay aside a trifle from our little store for their succour? God, who accepted the widow's mite, will not despise our offering, small though it be; and, be assured, we shall never miss it, but it will ensure a blessing on what remains."

Every Sunday, after the performance of their private devotions, Emily and Josiah proceeded hand in hand towards the parish church; where, meekly seated on one of the low benches allotted for the accommodation of the poor, with pure hearts and humble voices did they join in the public worship of that gracious God who had watched over their unprotected, childhood,

and offer up their prayers of praises and thanksgiving to Him who is the Author and Giver of all good.

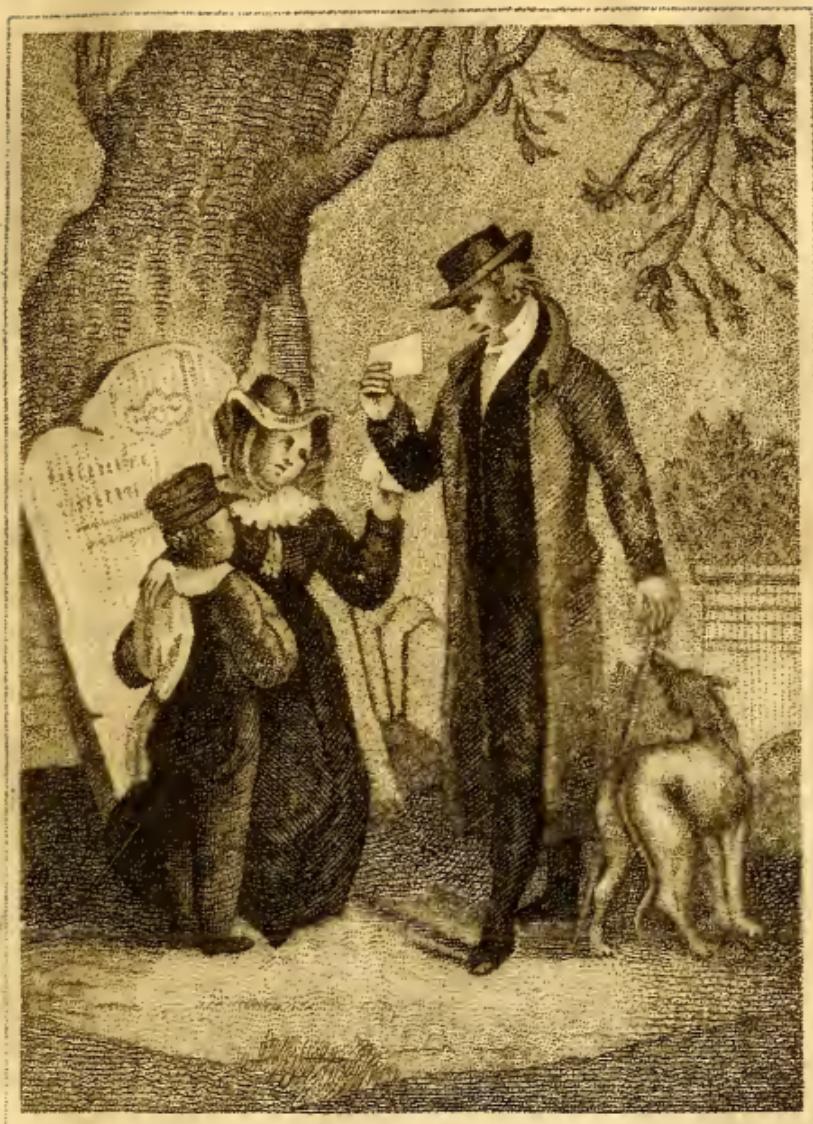
Their deep mourning, unaffected piety, and most sweet countenances, at length attracted the notice of the clergyman ; and he inquired of several persons who these children were, but no one knew the friendless orphans. Still he observed them constant in their attendance both at morning and evening service every Sunday ; and, finding none of the congregation took any notice of them, he resolved to speak to them himself, so much was he pleased by their modest and devout behaviour.

One morning he overtook them in the church-yard, and said, " My young friends, I have been much gratified by observing your pious conduct at my church for some months past, but should like to know the reason why neither of your parents ever accompany you there ? "

" We have none, sir, " replied Emily, bursting into tears. " Indeed ! that is a sad misfortune at your tender age ; but you have some kind uncle, or aunt, or friend with whom you live ! " said Mr. Bernard, for that was the clergyman's name.

" Alas, sir ! we have neither friend nor relation in the world, " replied Emily with increasing emotion. " And who then takes care of you, my children ? " asked Mr. Bernard, regarding the orphans with a look of deep sympathy.

FORGET ME NOT.



*H. Anderson sc.*

ORPHAN BROTHER & SISTER.



“God takes care of us, my good sir,” said Emily; “and he has never yet forsaken us, nor suffered us to want bread.”

“He is indeed a Father of the fatherless,” observed Mr. Bernard, “and the friend of all such as put their trust in him.”

He then asked Emily where they lived, as he intended to take an early opportunity of calling on them, that he might have a little further conversation. Emily took one of the good woman’s cards from her pocket book, and wrote on it with her pencil, Emily and Josiah Rivers, and presented it to him with a low courtesy. “Josiah Rivers!” exclaimed Mr. Bernard with surprise, “I once knew a clergyman of that name; we were fellow students in the same college at Oxford.” “My papa was a clergyman, his name was Josiah; perhaps it was him that you knew,” said Josiah. “I should scarcely think it could be the same; for the Josiah Rivers I knew went to live in Wales, where I understand he has resided many years,” observed Mr. Bernard.

“And so our dear papa did once,” replied Emily, “but when poor mamma fell ill, and the medical gentlemen in the country could do her no good, he brought her to London for better advice, but mamma grew worse and worse, and papa soon spent all the money he had in paying doctors’ bills, and getting such things as were recommended by the physician to do her good; and when our dear mamma died, he was forced

to write to a friend in the country to sell his furniture, that he might be able to pay the expenses of her funeral, and buy mourning for himself and us. Poor papa never was well after he lost mamma ; he was full of grief for her loss, and often was much perplexed at the thoughts of what would become of us : at last he grew so ill that he could not leave his bed ; and though we nursed him as well as we could, and never left him, he continued to grow weaker and weaker every day. He never complained much, for he was so good and patient ; but when he looked at me and my little brother, the tears used to course one another down his pale cheek, and he would hold our hands in his, and pray that God would take care of us when he was gone, till Josiah and I could not help crying too ; and he would tell me to be a mother to my little brother, and bid Josiah mind all I said to him. Ah, sir ! ” continued Emily, weeping at the remembrance of her past sorrows, “ I thought, when my father died, my heart must have broken ; but I recollect his dying words, ‘ not to sorrow for him as those that have no hope ; ’ and that he died but to rise again at the last day. And I knew that it was my duty to submit to the will of God, and that, by giving way to grief, I should unfit myself for performing these things that were necessary to be done. The good woman of the house was very kind to us in our affliction, and managed those matters which I was too young and too much absorbed

in my own sad reflections to think of at the time; and this was a great comfort to us.

“ Well, sir, I found, after all the funeral costs were paid, that we had no money left, and if we had not had black clothes bought for us when dear mamma died; we should not even have been able to go in mourning for papa, so completely destitute were we at that time.”

“ Poor children, and what did you do then, without friends and without money, so young as you are?” said Mr. Bernard, with a look of great compassion. x

“ We put our trust in Him who is the orphan’s friend and the father of the fatherless,” replied Emily meekly, “ and he did not forsake us.”

Mr. Bernard commended these good children, and told them it would not be long before they saw him again; and went his way.

A few days after this conversation had taken place, Mr. Bernard called upon the orphans; and the woman of the house, as she showed him up stairs, told him what good and virtuous young people her lodgers were, and that they always spared a trifle from their hard-earned store to relieve the wants of those who were in distress, for which she said she was certain the blessing of God would rest upon them.

When Mr. Bernard entered the little sitting room (which was on the second floor,) he found Emily busily employed making the pens, while Josiah sat on a low stool near her, reading Rollin’s Ancient History. At his entrance they

both rose ; and Josiah, closing the book, placed a chair for him near the fire (for it was winter time and very cold weather.)

“ My dear young friends,” said Mr. Bernard, kindly taking a hand of each as he spoke, “ I trust my errand is a pleasing one, and will render me a welcome visitor here.”

“ That, sir, you will always be,” said Emily, “ for the interest you so kindly take in our welfare.”

“ I have not indeed, my dears, been neglectful of your interest,” replied Mr. Bernard. “ I have obtained for Josiah admittance into the school established for the education and maintenance of the orphan sons of the clergy; by which means he will be genteelly clothed, and given a liberal education, such as will one day fit him for entering into holy orders. And as for you, Emily, my mother, who is nearly blind, will be happy to receive you as a companion to read to her and attend her in her walks, and perform for her any little services which she may require of you. If you are willing to undertake this office, you will be regarded as one of the family, sit at my own table, and receive an annual stipend for your entire use and benefit; and I myself will give you every advantage which books and instruction can afford.”

The eyes of the grateful orphans overflowed with tears of joy at this happy and unexpected change in their prospects. “ Oh, sir,” said Emily, when she could find words to speak,

“ how shall we ever repay you for all you have done for us ? ” “ By continuing to pursue the same path of virtue you have hitherto observed,” replied Mr. Bernard. “ Believe me, my good children, that it is sufficient recompense for me to see you made happy through my means ; and be assured that while you continue to put your trust in God, he will never forget you, and not only reward you in this world, but also in the world to come with life everlasting.”

May this story afford another proof to my young readers, that those who remember their Creator in the days of their youth will not be forgotten by him in the time of trouble.

## ON CHARITY.

Oh! let me never vainly see  
An object meet for charity,  
When I have power to lend relief  
To sickness, poverty, and grief:—  
For read we not, each penny spent  
In aiding want to God is lent;  
And all that to the poor is given  
Is seen and register'd in heaven?  
Then let me hasten, while I may,  
To lay up treasures for the day  
When time shall be no more,  
And I must leave my earthly store;  
Of which the sum will matter not  
If I, according to my lot,  
Gave to the indigent and poor,  
Nor sent the cripple from my door;  
And if to give my means are small,  
Have I not power, and have not all,  
By acts of kindness, to impart  
Much comfort to the sufferer's heart?  
May I not sooth the widow's wo?  
And when the tears of orphans flow,  
If wealth I have not, may not I  
Accord my tender sympathy?

Can I not on the poor attend,  
And helpless infancy befriend ;  
And kindness and compassion show  
To strangers, kindred, friend, or foe,  
To young and aged, high and low ?  
These are the works of Christian love,  
Which God has promised to approve ;  
The charity which he has shown  
Shall for a many sins atone.

## ACCOUNT OF PAPER. ITS ORIGIN AND USES.

To those among my young readers who may be unacquainted with the origin of this valuable article, a little information respecting it may prove acceptable; and certainly the subject deserves our attention, when we consider it as partly the means by which all the knowledge and amusement we derive from reading is obtained, to say nothing of the common uses to which this manufacture is daily applied.

Before the invention of paper, the first materials employed by mankind (after the art of writing had been discovered) for conveying ideas, and handing down records and laws to posterity, were stones, bricks, thin planks of wood, plates of lead, tablets of ivory, wax spread thin over boxes of wood, and written on with a pointed instrument; the leaves and inner bark of trees, pieces of silk, and rolls of cloth; and the skins of goats and sheep (from which parchment was made.) Such were the substitutes for paper made use of in former times: of these, stone appears to have been

the most ancient. The ten commandments, we are informed, were written on two tables of stone. Josephus, the Jewish historian, speaks of two pillars, the one of stone, the other of brick, on which were engraved certain astronomical discoveries, supposed to have been made at a very early period.

The Greek poet Hesiod's works were written on thin plates of lead; the laws of Solon, on planks of wood. But this mode of writing was of course very laborious and inconvenient; and, as mankind became more enlightened, they found means at length of rendering the art of writing easier, and of more general benefit, by the invention of paper; which, though it has undergone many improvements, has continued in general esteem ever since, and has spread itself through every part of the known world.

The word paper is derived from the Greek word papyrus, the name of an Egyptian reed, which grows in great abundance on the banks of the river Nile, from which the first manufacture called paper was made.

The Egyptians are generally supposed to have been the first people who made paper from the papyrus, but at what period is uncertain. The Greeks and Romans were early acquainted with its use; and it formed a great article of commerce between the Egyptians and those nations. There are many specimens of Egyptian writing on paper made of the papyrus to be seen in the British Museum.

The Chinese also claim the merit of this invention, and they have carried the art to a great degree of perfection. It is supposed to have been discovered by them about one hundred and sixty years previous to the Christian era. Before they arrived at the knowledge of this useful art, they wrote on tablets of bamboo with bodkins of iron; also on satin with a pencil.

The Chinese paper is much smoother, thinner, and softer than that manufactured in Europe, and is particularly well adapted for drawing with the pencil and for receiving the impression of copper-plates, as it gives a peculiar softness to the engraving. There are many different kinds of paper made in China, each province differing from the other in the materials of which their paper is composed. By some it is made from the inner part of the young bamboo; others manufacture it from the case of the silkworm, after the silk has been reeled off; the northern provinces use the bark of the paper mulberry tree; and in the province of Sechwen they make it from linen rags, as in our own country.

The Japanese paper, which resembles the Chinese, only it possesses more durable qualities, is made from the paper tree, a native of that country, and is varnished over with a liquor boiled from rice, and an infusion of the oreni root which renders it very strong and pliable and not easily to be torn.

The Bramins wrote on leaves of the Malabar

palm; the natives of Ceylon on those of the talipot tree, and with pens made of reed; the Siamese on a sort of paper made from the bark of a tree called in their language pliokkoi, and instead of a pen used a bodkin of fullers' earth, which we may suppose is something similar to a crayon.

Those sorts of paper most worthy of notice, and which have been held in the greatest esteem, are the Egyptian paper, the Chinese, that made from cotton, Japanese paper, and lastly European paper, or paper made from linen rags.

Who was the original inventor of this species of paper is unknown. Several countries in Europe claim the merit of the discovery; but to which it is due cannot correctly be ascertained. It appears to have been first made use of in Valentia in Spain, about the twelfth century. In the year 1260 it made its appearance in France, and in 1312 it was found in Germany, and shortly afterwards in England; but did not come into general use for some years, and was not brought to any degree of perfection till the latter end of the sixteenth century. The first paper mill we have any account of was erected in the year 1588. Formerly all the fine sorts of paper used in printing and for writing was imported from France, Holland, and Flanders; but of late years our own manufacturers have brought the article to a great state of perfection, little in-

ferior in colour and texture to that made by the Flemish and Dutch.

There are many other kinds of paper manufactured in this country besides those used for writing and printing; as fine drawing paper, card, pasteboard, coloured and stamped fancy papers for ornamenting boxes and other trifles of the kind; paper hangings for rooms; blotting paper, cartridge paper, and the various sorts of coarse papers used in packing; which last are made from the refuse of the paper mill, of soiled, coarse, and coloured rags, hemp, and such materials as are rejected as unfit for the manufacture of the finer sorts of paper.

ON

## THE WASTE OF TIME.

It was the remark of a very wise man, that if a person lost an hour in the morning, he might run after it the whole day, without being able to recover it.

Time is so precious, and passes so rapidly away, that it is wonderful that any one can willingly waste so large a portion of it in sloth and an immoderate indulgence in sleep. Probably few of my young readers have ever calculated the actual number of years to which the hours they consume in sleep will amount if added together. Eight hours out of the twenty-four are generally devoted to sleep, which is a third part of our time. If then a person lives to be sixty years old, he will have slumbered away exactly twenty years of his life.

Twenty years!—Consider what a large portion of your existence is thus spent doing nothing, and how many there are who, not contented with eight hours' sleep will pass even nine and ten hours in bed, when six are quite sufficient for the necessary repose of the body.

“ Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise,” says Solomon, in reproof of those who are for ever saying, “ Yet a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep.”

Let me remind such of you, my young friends, as are in the habit of indulging many hours in sleep, that one hour so passed is lost to you for ever; it can never be regained. The period of your lives is shortened by that hour; for every setting sun brings you one day nearer to that awful period when you will be called upon to render up an account of the manner in which you have employed the time which was allotted to you in this life. How, let me ask you, will you answer for all those hours and minutes thus wasted? To what a fearful sum will they amount when reckoned up together?

Consider this, ye slothful and improvident wasters of those precious hours which can return to you no more; and so apply your hearts unto wisdom, and to the practice of virtue, that when the angel of God shall lift up his hand to heaven, and swear by Him that liveth for ever and ever, “ that there shall be time no longer,” you may be able to render up such an account of the time and talents committed to your charge, that your Almighty Judge may address you in these joyful words; “ Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

## PARAPHRASE

OF

## PART OF THE SEVENTY-SEVENTH PSALM.

O GOD ! the silent waters saw  
Thy glory, and confess'd thy might ;  
The ocean's depths, with trembling awe,  
Were troubled at thy sight.

Unusual showers the clouds pour'd forth,  
And murmuring sounds were in the sky ;  
While fearfully from south to north  
Did thy dread arrows fly.

The thunder's voice was heard through heaven,  
And tempests gather'd at thy look ;  
The lightnings flash'd, the clouds were riven,  
And earth to its foundation shook :  
Yea, all in that tremendous hour  
Confess'd thy might and own'd thy power !

## A

## LESSON ON CONTENTMENT.

“I wish I were a prince,” said Augustus Granby in a discontented tone, after returning from a walk in Hyde Park with his sister Caroline. “And I am sure, Augustus, I have quite as much reason to wish I were a princess,” replied Caroline.

“What has made my little boy and girl so ambitious on a sudden?” observed their father, closing the book he held in his hand, and drawing them to him as he spoke. “Oh, papa! we have just seen the young Prince of Cumberland walking in the Park,” said both the children in a breath. “Well, my dears, and what did you see in him more than in any other child of his age?”

“Why, papa, he did not look different from other young gentlemen, but he was dressed very handsomely, and had several grand lords and gentlemen with him, who paid him so much attention, and listened with such respect to whatever he said; while if Caroline or I had

talked only half as much, we should have been reproved, even if we had said ever such wise things.”

“ Whatever wise things you *can* say, Augustus, be assured you are not saying them now,” observed Mr. Granby; “ for to be discontented with that state of life in which it has pleased God to place you, and to be envious of the rank of another, is no proof of wisdom, but, on the contrary, of great weakness and folly. And now let me ask you what other privileges did this young prince appear to enjoy besides being well dressed, and listened to with respect when he spoke? this alone was hardly sufficient to excite feelings of regret and discontent in your breast, my child!”

“ Dear papa!” said Augustus, “ it was not for that alone I wished to be a prince; but wherever he went, he was followed by such crowds of people, all so anxious to look at him, that he could scarcely get to the carriage for the throng that surrounded him.”

“ That, I think, must have been very disagreeable to the prince and his friends,” said Mr. Granby. “ And so you really wished to be subjected to the same inconvenience, Augustus?”

“ I confess to you, papa, it would give me great pleasure to be the object of such general interest, and to be distinguished with such attention whenever I walked abroad.”

“ If that will be any gratification to you, I think Augustus, I can put you in the way of

exciting a great degree of public attention the next time you walk abroad," observed Mr. Granby.

"Well, papa, and how is that to be done?" asked Augustus.

"Merely by reversing the general order of things, and walking on your hands, with your feet where your head should be," replied his father coolly.

Augustus coloured with vexation. "This, sir, would be to make myself ridiculous; besides, the thing is impossible." "There you are mistaken, my dear; I have seen it done many times: besides, a little practice would soon make you perfect in this accomplishment; and who would not take some trouble to attain any favourite object they had in view? Let me assure you that such an exhibition would soon draw as great a crowd of people round you as ever followed the young Prince of Cumberland, of whose attractions you appear so envious."

Augustus, greatly mortified, hung down his head, and looked exceedingly foolish; while his father, in a graver tone, continued: "Had you desired to possess the good qualities and amiable disposition for which this prince is said to be distinguished, and which render him deservedly an object of popular interest, I should not have been surprised; or had you desired his rank because it confers upon him the power and means of doing good to his fellow creatures, I should have commended rather than

have reproved your ambition: but your motives were of an unworthy nature, and only calculated to render you unhappy. And now, Caroline, I should like to know your reasons for wishing to be a princess."

"Dear papa," said Caroline, blushing and looking down, "I never wished to be a princess before, and I am half ashamed to tell you why I wished to be one just now. I fear I have acted like a very foolish girl."

"How so, my dear?" said her father. "If I thought you would not be angry with me, I would tell you," replied Caroline. Mr. Granby promised he would not be *very* angry, and Caroline continued: "Well then, papa, you must know that as Augustus and I were returning from our walk in the Park, we met aunt Lucy, who took me with her into a fine shop in Regent Street, as she intended to make me a present of a red morocco workbox; but in the shop I saw such beautiful toys that one of the royal dukes had just purchased for the Princess Victoria, which were going to be packed up and sent home for her, that I would not have the workbox aunt Lucy was going to purchase for me, I thought it looked so plain and ugly by the side of that which was bought for the princess, which was of ivory inlaid with gold, and with a beautiful medallion of flowers painted on the top of it; so I told aunt Lucy, as I could not have a box like the princess's, I would not have one at all."

“ And so, my child, you refused your aunt’s pretty present because you could not have what was designed for a princess,” said Mr. Granby ; “ perhaps you were not aware that you were guilty of the crime of breaking one of God’s commandments, in coveting the property of another person. Reflect for a few minutes on the folly of your conduct.

“ Indeed, papa,” said Caroline; “ I am perfectly convinced that I have acted both wickedly and unwisely ; for if I had not cast a covetous eye on the princess’s toys, I should have now been in the possession of a pretty workbox, which I have so often wished for ; nor can I expect my good aunt will ever offer to make me another present after my ungrateful rejection of the one she would have given me.” “ You have been rightly punished for your folly, in losing the good which you might have had, without obtaining that which you so unreasonably desired,” observed Mr. Granby.

“ Dear papa,” said Caroline, “ I will ask my aunt’s pardon the next time I see her ; and I am very sorry for having been so covetous : but still, papa, I cannot help thinking it must be very pleasant to be a prince or princess, and have so many beautiful toys and fine things to play with.”

“ To be contented would be a much better thing ; but that is a lesson I will endeavour to teach you. Come with me, my children.”

Mr. Granby then put on his hat; and, taking a hand of each, proceeded into the street. A great deal of rain had fallen since their return from the Park, and the streets were very dirty; they had not walked very far when Mr. Granby pointed out to his children's attention a pale sickly looking little girl who was sweeping the crossing of the street. She had neither bonnet nor shoes on, and her frock was patched and very ragged. As they prepared to cross the street where she had been sweeping away the mud and dirt, she extended her meagre hand towards them; and, in a tone of entreaty, besought them to give her something to buy bread with, as she had a sick mother, and two brothers younger than herself at home, who had not tasted food all day.

“Poor child!” said Mr. Granby, with a look of great commiseration, “you seem indeed to know intimately the miseries of want and famine; show me where you live.” “I live in a garret in Harley Street Mews, sir, not far from here; but it is a wretched place, not fit for you and this young gentleman and lady to enter,” replied the child.

“It is my wish that my son and daughter should behold the lot of the poor,” answered Mr. Granby; “and if you have no objection, we will go to your home.” Then the little girl conducted them to a miserable looking house, and led the way up a flight of narrow dark stairs into a wretched garret, where, extend-

ed on a bed of straw, and barely covered by the thin worn out rug that was laid over her, they beheld the mother of this poor child, shivering with a violent fit of the ague.

Seated on a corner of their mother's straw bed were two little boys, pale and thin as their sister, and as deplorably clothed. They were making matches, and seemed ill; but their sunken cheeks and eager looks proclaimed that they were suffering more from hunger and cold than any other ailment. On inquiry, Mr. Granby learned that the father of this distressed family was dead; that the mother had long been too ill to work; and their whole subsistence depended on the few halfpence the children were able to obtain by selling matches, and sweeping the streets in wet weather.

Desirous of impressing on the minds of his children the folly of their late conduct, Mr. Granby turned to Augustus and Caroline, who stood gazing with tearful eyes on the sad scene before them, and said, "It is only, my children, by becoming acquainted with the miseries and woes of your fellow creatures, and by contrasting their lot with your own, that you will learn to be thankful to the Almighty for the great and manifold blessings you enjoy. If you were unhappy at beholding the attention that was paid to the young prince, and envied the beautiful and costly gifts intended for a child that is perhaps destined to be your sovereign, what must this girl feel, when she daily and hourly

sees pass her so many thousands richly clothed, fed with dainties, and riding at their ease in carriages, while she has barely rags sufficient to cover her shivering limbs, is starving for want of food, and forced to traverse the streets with naked feet to earn a scanty morsel for the support of two helpless brothers and a dying parent." Then turning to the little girl, he asked her if she did not feel very unhappy and discontented when she saw so many persons better off than herself, especially those that rode in carriages, and wore fine clothes, and had servants to wait upon them. "No, sir," replied the little girl, "I should be sorry to be so wicked as to envy the prosperity of others; neither would their becoming poor like me do us any good. My mother has taught me to bear with patience the ills and crosses of this life; and I am very thankful if I but have the good fortune to bring home sufficient money to procure us bread for the day, and we desire no more. This is enough to make us very grateful, since we have often known the want of food from one day to another."

Mr. Granby commended this poor child for her contented heart, and gave her some money to purchase nourishment for her mother and brothers; and left the house, promising soon to call again.

"I promised you a lesson on content, my children," said Mr. Granby; "I think you have had more than one this day; may you long hold them in remembrance."

Augustus and Caroline had been sensibly touched by the scene of want and wretchedness they had just witnessed ; they needed no further conviction of their error, but both of them candidly acknowledged how wrong they had been, and entreated their father to forgive their fault. And Caroline told her father she had a half-crown piece in her possession, and begged his permission to expend it in buying a frock for the little girl who was in such a distressed state. "Half-a-crown, I fear, will not be sufficient for that purpose," replied her father. "But I have two shillings which I will add to the half-crown, and that will I dare say, be enough to buy the gown," said Augustus, eagerly putting his little savings into his sister's hand. To this sum Mr. Granby added enough money to purchase shoes for the little girl, and a suit of warm clothes for each of the little boys. Caroline made choice of a strong stout plaided stuff, proper to make garments for the poor, and this she undertook to cut out and make up herself ; and when she had completed her work, her papa took her and Augustus to carry it to the poor child.

They found the mother much improved in health ; and Caroline experienced so much happiness in beholding the rapture of the children, and the gratitude of the mother, when she produced the clothes, that when she returned home, she threw her arms about

her father's neck, and said, "Dear papa! I do not think the young princess could have felt half such real pleasure when she received those beautiful toys that I coveted so much, as I did when I beheld that poor half naked child clothed in the work of my own hands, and witnessed the delight with which her mother regarded her."

"Be assured, the princess did not feel half so happy as you did," replied Mr. Granby, tenderly embracing his little girl. "The pleasure that arises from the possession of trifles soon ceases to charm us; but that which springs from the performance of a good and benevolent action is the most delightful of all human enjoyments, and leaves a sweet satisfaction on the mind, which is indeed a foretaste of that "peace of God which passes all understanding."

THE

## BUTTETFLY FLOWER.

This rare plant is a native of Trinidad, where it is known by the name of the vegetable butterfly. It grows on the bark of the calabash trees on the highest ridge of mountains in the island, which form the valley of Maraval: this is the only spot where it is known to grow, and even here it is very scarce. The plant is about two feet in height; it makes two bulbs annually, each surmounted by a hard thick folded leaf spotted with purple. It may be properly termed a succulent plant; and, like most plants with singular shaped petals, belongs to the class gynandria. The order is monandria.

The form of this extraordinary flower resembles a butterfly with the wings expanded, having the antennae (which are very long,) the shield, and that part which is like the body of the butterfly, perfectly formed. The lower petals of the flower are of a brilliant

golden colour, bordered very richly with scarlet, at the extreme edge of which there is a delicate fringe of a lighter yellow. The upper wings (if we may use the term) are orange barred with scarlet. The whole flower presents a most striking and beautiful appearance to the eye. When once it begins to blossom, there is a constant succession of flowers from the same stem, each flower lasting ten or twelve days; fourteen days after one has faded, another comes forth, and so continues until twelve or more flowers have been produced, according to the age and vigour of the plant.

Who can contemplate with indifference the endless variety and beautiful order of the vegetable world, and not feel their hearts filled with admiration and gratitude towards that Almighty Being who has created so much to delight our eyes and supply our wants? When we look around us, and behold the glorious firmament spread out like a canopy above, the earth beneath covered with verdure, and spanned with flowers of a thousand lovely hues, with all the groves and woods, streams of water, hills and valleys surrounding us, are not we led to adore that Divine Providence which has given all these things for the use and benefit of man, and to exclaim, in the words of the inspired writer, "How wondrous are thy works, O Lord! in wisdom hast thou formed them all?"

THE

## RETURN OF THE SWALLOW.

Lo ! spring's gay herald fluttering with delight,  
The joyous swallow, is already here,  
Who still proclaims her welcome visit near.  
When first we hail him in his circling flight,  
He tells of smiling skies and seasons bright,  
Of vernal buds, and all that shall appear  
When summer crowns with flowery wreaths the  
year ;  
And, dress'd in rich luxuriance, charms the  
sight.  
He hastes to meet her when her first soft gale  
Sighs with sweet breath amidst her leafless  
bowers ;  
When early violets open in the vale,  
And April peeps through rainbow suns and  
showers :  
Ere song of nightingale with thrilling strains  
Floats on the evening gale o'er moonlight  
plains.

ORIGIN  
OF  
THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

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The Son of man is Lord also of the sabbath day.  
LUKE, vi. 5.

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THE Christian sabbath (or Sunday as it is usually called) was instituted by the apostles after the resurrection of our Saviour, in order to commemorate that great event when the Son of righteousness arose with healing in his wings, to give light and life to those that sat in darkness and under the shadow of death. This day was considered by the followers of Him who declared himself to be "Lord also of the sabbath," as a day of peculiar holiness; a day to be held in reverence by all men, and was called by them the "Lord's Day;" and appears to have been established more particular-

ly after the Day of Pentecost, or Whit Sunday, when the Holy Spirit descended on the disciples in the likeness of fire. This was on the first day of the week ; and we read, “ The disciples were all with one accord in one place,” celebrating the weekly return of that day on which their Redeemer rose from the dead. From that time we learn (from the earliest writers on Christianity\*) that this day was fixed upon for the performance of Christian worship, and dedicated to the service of Christ’s church.

Another reason why the Christians changed their day of devotion from the last to the first day of the week was, that the Jews who persecuted them would not allow them the free exercise of their religion on the seventh or sabbath day. The first day of the week was, therefore, chosen by the apostles as the most appropriate to be established as a day of prayer, of thanksgiving, and of rest.

We may consider this day as the birthday of the world. It was the day on which light was created, before which “ the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep ; and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light, and there was light. And the evening and the morning (we read) were the *first day.*” GEN. i.

\* See Eusebius Pamphylus’s Life of Constantine, St. Jerom, and Clemens Alexandrinus’s writings on the scriptures.

It was on this day that, by the resurrection of our Blessed Lord, we received the true light, even the hope of everlasting life, on which, through the tender mercy of our God, "the day-spring from on high visited us,"

Let us, therefore, behold with gratitude the weekly return of this holy day; and hold it in reverence as a day set apart for the study of the scriptures, and for the true worship and knowledge of God.

THE

## YOUNG GREEK SLAVES.

IN the year 1668, when Candia\* was taken by the Turks, among the captives there were two Greek girls named Helen and Sophia, of such surprising beauty and accomplishments that they were highly prized by the grand vizier, who brought them with him to Constantinople†, and presented them to the daughter of the Sultan Mahomet the Fourth, for slaves.

Now Sophia was the only child of wealthy parents, who loved her so fondly that they almost died with grief when she was taken from them ; but Helen was an orphan, who had been brought up by an aged and distant relative. Sophia did nothing but weep and lament the hardness of her lot, in being torn from her

\* Candia is a Greek island in the Mediterranean Sea, and was anciently called Crete. It sustained a siege of four and twenty years from the Turks ; and it was at length wrested from the Venetians, who ruled the country.

† Constantinople, the chief city of the Turkish dominions.

parents and beloved friends. Helen also was much afflicted at being carried away from her native land into captivity, among strangers and infidels; but she strove, as much as possible, to conceal her own grief, that she might the better be enabled to administer consolation to her friend Sophia, whose cause for sorrow was far greater than hers.

“Would it were in my power, my beloved Sophia, to bear your captivity, and restore you to freedom, and to the embraces of those affectionate parents and kind friends, whose loss you so deeply deplore,” the noble Helen would say, while striving to dry the frequent tears that stained the cheek of her sorrowing friend; and Sophia, grateful for the generous friendship of Helen, would endeavour to be more cheerful.

It was indeed a great solace to the young Greeks in all their troubles that they were not separated, for they had always been friends and companions from their earliest years; and it was a sad yet sweet consolation to be always near each other; for they could then talk of their distant friends and country, and of that home and those scenes which absence and slavery had rendered doubly dear to them.

In the seraglio, where they were shut up, no one spoke their language, or practised their religion, but were Mahometans, and scoffed at the truths of the gospel; and many of them tried to persuade the young Greeks to forsake

the Christian faith, and offered them costly gifts if they would become Mahometans ; but they declared they would not do this great wickedness if they could gain by it the riches of the whole world. And when they held sweet converse together, and repeated the prayers which had been taught them by their pious relatives, Helen, who was older than Sophia, bade her observe that these words, “Lead us not into temptation,” in the Lord’s Prayer, should be particularly observed by them both ; for they were daily tempted to forsake their Redeemer, and it behoved them to pray with great earnestness to him to give them strength to resist the flattering words and bribes of his enemies.

Now the young princess, whose slaves they were, was a very hard and unkind mistress. Of an imperious and unjust disposition, she treated all her slaves with great severity ; more especially the two young Christians, whom she hated on account of their religion and their superior beauty and talents. Helen, meek and patient under every trial, left the princess no excuse for persecution, but bore all her unkind taunts with silent forbearance ; while Sophia, who was of a quick and passionate temper, often exposed herself to severe punishments by resenting the tyrannical conduct of her haughty mistress, who took a cruel pleasure in exciting angry feelings in the breast of the high-spirited young Greek ; and Sophia’s dark eyes flashed

indignantly back an answer to every scornful expression uttered by the princess against her country and her religion.

It was in vain that the prudent Helen warned her friend against the danger of such unguarded conduct. "It will but draw upon us, my Sophia," she would say, "the malice of our enemies, and can be of no service to ourselves. Remember, we are wholly in the power of the princess, who will, ere long, take some effectual means of punishing us." "Can she do more," replied the indignant Sophia (who had been struck by the princess that very morning,) than she has done? Have we not borne blows and insults from her, been tasked beyond our ability, and deprived of our food?"

"Yes, far more than all these she can do; she can separate us from each other's society," replied Helen mournfully, her mild eyes filling with tears as she spoke. "That, Helen, is a misfortune too bad to happen; she will not, cannot be so cruel," exclaimed Sophia passionately. "Alas, my dear Sophia," answered Helen, "I know she has it in contemplation, and will carry her purpose into effect."

Helen's fears were but too truly realized. The princess, who had found all her threats and attempts to intimidate the mind of Sophia were of no avail, thought the greatest punishment she could inflict upon her would be to deprive her of the society of her beloved Helen, whom she regarded with such fond affection.

Who shall describe the anguish of the captive friends when, on some slight cause of offence on the part of Sophia, they were informed of the resolution of the princess, that from henceforth they should be kept apart from each other.

Tears, prayers, the most passionate entreaties, were of no effect in softening the obdurate heart of the sultan's daughter, who beheld unmoved the bitter grief which rent the hearts of the young slaves, as Sophia was torn from the embraces of the weeping and disconsolate Helen, and conveyed by force to a distant apartment in the seraglio.

This cruel separation almost broke the heart of the unhappy Sophia, parted from the companion and friend of her youth, the sharer of her captivity, the confidant of all her sorrows; whose gentle admonition and tender consolations had alone been able to mitigate the horrors of slavery, and soothe the anguish she felt at being torn from her parents, her country, and all that made life dear to her: she gave herself up a prey to the most melancholy feelings, and passed her days in tears, her nights in lonely watchings and unavailing regrets.

“Ah, why,” would she exclaim, as she paced with rapid steps the limits of her solitary apartment, “did I not give heed to the warning voice of my monitress who guarded me against the evils I should bring upon myself and her by my intemperance of tongue. Why did I

not, like Helen, set a watch upon my lips, and bear in silence the idle scoffings of my cruel mistress ? In all my sorrows I should yet have had my friend near to console me.”

In such words as these would the lonely Sophia vent the grief that oppressed her full heart, till sleep kindly closed her tearful eyelids ; and, in dreams of home and of her native land, the poor captive found a short relief and sweet forgetfulness from all her woes.

Helen’s grief was hardly less acute than that of her friend ; but she had been accustomed to hold a command over her feelings from her earliest years : she made no loud lamentations, nor vented her anguish in violent reproaches ; for she well knew they would avail her nothing ; yet she pined in secret, and her pale cheek and sunken eye told too plainly that she felt the pain of separation no less powerfully than her friend : but Helen hoped that, by patience and forbearance, she might be able to effect what anger and violence failed to do ; and in solitude she poured forth her prayers for assistance to the Almighty, whose ear she well knew was ever open to the petitions of such as faithfully call upon him, and whose arm, she was assured, was strong and mighty to save.

Helen often found means to convey a few lines to Sophia by means of one of the female slaves to whom she had rendered some little service ; and these billets, dictated by the tenderest affection, and full of holy consolation,

served to cheer the sad heart of the poor captive, and fill her mind with resignation, and the hope that she should yet be united to her friend once more.

In a Turkish seraglio, the chief employment and amusement of the women is fine needle-work ; which accomplishment is held in great esteem by them. Among those that most excelled in the art of embroidery was a female slave named Reza, for whom the princess entertained a great regard, and held her work in the highest estimation. Helen also was well skilled in this species of work, and few among the princess's women surpassed her in elegance of design or delicacy of shading ; but the prejudice which the princess nourished against her entirely blinded her to Helen's merit.

Now Reza, the princess's favourite, had begun a most beautiful scarf, which she worked at privately, intending it as a present for her royal mistress on her birthday, which was fast approaching ; and the close application she made to her work caused a violent inflammation to fix upon her eyes, which, not being instantly attended to, increased to such a degree that it baffled, at length, the skill of all the physicians, and threatened to terminate in total blindness. Greatly troubled at the danger in which she saw her favourite, the princess offered great rewards to any one who could effect a cure, and restore the eyes of Reza to their former strength.

“I will undertake to cure the disease, madam, in the course of a few days,” said Helen. “You!” returned the princess, regarding her with a doubtful air, “and where should you come by knowledge superior to that of the physicians of my father’s court—you, a poor Christian slave?”

Helen, without noticing the insult intended to be conveyed in the last words, replied: “I was brought up and educated by an aged relative, who, for many years of his life, made physic his study. Among other famous remedies, he discovered one for the eyes, which has wrought many wonderful cures, and has seldom been known to fail of success, even in cases of the greatest danger. He taught me to know the herbs of which this valuable medicine is composed, and likewise to prepare it. If you will allow me a trial of my skill, I fear not I shall be able to restore sight to your servant Reza within the space of seven days.”

Reza, being made acquainted with Helen’s proposal, eagerly accepted her proffered services declaring herself willing to undergo any operation, or endure any application, however painful, that was considered as necessary towards the restoration of her sight.

In order to effect a perfect cure, Helen desired that her patient might be given up entirely to her care, and consent to admit no one but herself into her chamber until the seven days had expired. She then culled the herbs, and

prepared the proper medicines ; which being done, she let fall three drops of the liquor into the eyes of the suffering Reza, carefully excluding the light by means of a bandage of fine muslin, repeating her application every four hours, and giving her a composing draught from time to time ; taking her station as nurse by the bedside, ever and anon cheering her patient with some words of kindness and comfort.

Helen felt a sweet satisfaction in her mind while watching by the sick bed of Reza, and performing for her those little offices of attention which are so grateful to the sick. In so doing Helen felt that she was fulfilling that command of her Blessed Master which bids us “to love our enemies, and to do good to those that hate and spitefully use us.”

During the course of her illness, Reza often mentioned the scarf she had been working, and expressed no little regret that her unhappy lady should have prevented her from finishing it against the festival of the princess’s birthday. Helen, willing to complete the good deed she had begun, and anxious to set both the mind and body of Reza at ease, found means to procure the scarf unknown to her patient ; and, during those days which were passed by Reza in darkness, Helen worked indefatigably by her side, without informing her of the nature of the employment in which she was engaged.

“Who knows,” thought Helen, while she

plied her needle with increasing ardour, “but Reza may be the means of restoring to me my beloved Sophia? She has great influence with the princess; if she should be grateful to me, I may once more behold my friend!” Helen worked so indefatigably that, at the expiration of the seven days, the scarf was finished; and Helen ventured to remove the bandage from the eyes of Reza. The remedy had succeeded so well that the patient declared that she was free from pain, and could plainly discern the minutest objects. “I can see so well,” said she, “that I could arrange the most delicate shading of my embroidery if I were at work. Ah! I wish I could complete my scarf; yet, alas! that is but a vain wish, since it wants but two days to the birthday of my royal mistress.

She had scarcely spoken these words, when the scarf was laid before her perfectly finished. Reza, astonished at what she beheld, for some minutes doubted its reality; and imagined it was some deception of her eyesight, till assured by Helen of its certainty. “What shall I do for you?” cried the delighted Reza. “How shall I reward you for your generosity towards me? You have not only restored to me the sight of my eyes, but have also done me this great kindness,” continued she, examining the work with infinite satisfaction.

“You are under no obligation,” replied Helen, smiling at Reza’s vivacity; “my religion, which is so much despised by your

countrymen, teaches us to do good to all people ; to those that hate as well as to those that love us. In so doing we do but our duty to God, and no more."

"Excellent young Christian!" replied Reza, filled with admiration at her virtue ; "tell me at least how I can reward you for what you have done for me. My royal mistress will, for my sake, bestow on you either a casket of the richest jewels in her treasury, or the most magnificent attire."

"These costly gifts," replied Helen, "would be useless to a captive like myself. Prevail upon your royal mistress to restore to me the friend who is dearer to me than the whole world beside ; from whose company I have been separated for the space of a long month. This is all I ask of you."

Reza, who had been brought up from childhood in the seraglio, and had never been taught to appreciate the value of a friendship like that which subsisted between the young Greeks, could not help thinking Helen very simple in preferring the company of Sophia to the splendid ornaments and dresses she might have demanded in payment of her services ; for Reza considered fine clothes and riches were the greatest blessings in life ; but, nevertheless, she readily engaged to forward her views with the princess.

Delighted at the restoration of her favourite slave, and by the beautiful gift that Reza laid

at her feet, the princess acceded to her request, and gave orders that the rebellious Greek should be restored to her usual place in the seraglio. Reza felt very happy that she was the means of rewarding her benefactress, and could hardly refrain from mingling her tears with those which were shed by the young captives as they folded their arms round each other, and wept upon each other's necks, with emotions of joy so great that it almost resembled the bitterness of grief. Few could behold the meeting between the friends without tears: the princess alone beheld the scene unmoved, and coldly turned away, dead to feelings which she could not understand.

From this time Helen and Sophia continued near each other; and the painful separation they had endured seemed but to render them yet dearer to one another.

Now it happened that the princess entertained a great fondness for monkeys and apes; and the vizier, who was aware of her liking to these animals, presented her with a most rare and beautiful creature of the ape species, which had been given to him by a foreign traveller; at the same time warning her that it was of a very mischievous disposition, and recommended her to keep it constantly chained. The princess was delighted with the ape, and amused herself with watching its tricks; nor would she suffer him to be confined, though he was regarded with no little alarm by several of the slaves.

It chanced, one day, that this creature, in one of his frolics, threw a vase of sherbet over a magnificent piece of tapestry, on which Helen was employed in putting the finishing shades to the most difficult part of the pattern.

This tapestry was the admiration of the whole seraglio ; the princess herself having often employed her needle in forming the flowers : and it was intended by her as a present for the sultan her father, to place beneath his feet when he went to the divan. A general exclamation of regret, which was uttered by all who saw the accident, brought the princess to the spot ; who, on perceiving the injury the work had sustained, gave way to a fit of ungovernable rage, loading Helen with reproaches, and reviling her with every insulting epithet suggested by her angry passions.

Helen, pale and trembling, ventured to remind her that, being intent on her work, she had not perceived the mischievous design of the ape ; and that patience and a little industry would soon restore the work to its former beauty ; adding, at the same time, that had the ape been confined, the accident could not have happened. These words served but to incense the princess more highly ; and, raising her arm, she struck with great violence the terrified victim of her unjust fury. At that minute the ape, who, having been severely beaten for the mischief he had done, was more full of malice than usual, slyly approached, and held a lighted brand, that he had taken from the hearth, to

the robe of the princess ; which, being of the most transparent muslin, instantly took fire, and she was quickly enveloped in the flames. The princess filled the seraglio with her screams for help. “ Oh, save me, save me ! ” she cried in an agony of distress, extending her arms in wild despair towards her women. In that moment of terror and confusion, no one had power to help her but Helen, the despised, reviled Helen, so lately the victim of her anger ; forgetting the indignity she had just received, she flew towards her, and with admirable presence of mind enveloped her whole person in the folds of the wet tapestry which she hastily snatched from the ground, where the princess had angrily thrown it, and succeeded in extinguishing the blaze, but not before the princess had been severely burnt, and her own hands and arms scorched by the fire in many places.

Feelings of remorse and shame overwhelmed the princess, when informed by her attendants that she had been saved from a fiery death by the intrepid exertions of Helen the Christian slave ; that she owed her life to her against whom, but the instant before, her hand had been lifted in angry violence. The princess called to mind all the acts of tyrannical cruelty with which she had from time to time so ungenerously oppressed the young Greeks ; and she could not help contrasting her own conduct with that of Helen, who had so nobly returned her good for evil : and when the prin-

cess thought upon these things, her proud heart was humbled ; and, burying her face in the folds of her garments, she turned away and wept bitterly.

Now when Sultan Mahomet heard how Helen had saved his daughter's life he commanded her to be brought before him ; and bade her ask of him whatever she most wished, and he would grant her request. "Then, mighty sultan!" said Helen quickly, "give my beloved friend Sophia her liberty, and restore her to her sorrowing friends."

The sultan, surprised at this request, demanded of her why she did not rather ask that favour for herself. "Because," replied Helen, raising her eyes filled with tears to the face of the sultan, "Sophia has parents and kindred, who sorrow for her without ceasing ; while I am a friendless orphan, having neither father, nor mother, nor kindred to lament my loss. Therefore is captivity less painful to me than it is to her : and shall not I have the happiness of drying the tears of those who mourn by restoring my friend to the arms of those to whom she is so dear ? Will not this reflection be sufficient to sweeten the sorrows of a whole life of captivity ?"

"Noble girl!" exclaimed the sultan, filled with admiration at her generosity, "you are indeed worthy of liberty. Go," added he, "but take with you the friend for whom you would have made so great a sacrifice, without whose

society I can easily perceive that freedom would still be slavery."

He then gave orders that the young Greeks should be restored to their native country, with every mark of respect; and, moreover, directed his treasurer to present to Helen a purse, containing a thousand pieces of gold, as a token of gratitude for the service she had rendered the princess.

## LINES

ON

## AN ANCIENT SUNDIAL.

How many ages o'er thy face  
Their dusky shades have cast,  
Yet they have left on thee no trace  
To mark that they have pass'd.

How swift yet gradual was the tide  
In which they roll'd away ;  
How many thousand moments glide  
O'er thee to count one day.

But yet to days, and months, and years  
These trifling moments mount,  
And then a century appears  
At length in the account.

And ages in their silent flight  
Have hour by hour been told  
On thy mute circle, yet our sight  
Their sum cannot behold.

The eyes that mark'd them as they fled  
Long, long have ceased to be;  
And those who *time's* departure read  
Behold eternity !

And many an eye on thee shall dwell  
The fleeting hour to learn,  
When I within my narrow cell  
To kindred dust return.

And even now the shade perchance  
That o'er thy face is cast,  
Which tells the hastening day's advance,  
To me may be the last.

Then never let me lightly shun  
The lesson thou canst give,  
Since I at every setting sun  
A day have less to live.

THE

## LEAF-CUTTER BEE.

AMONG the various tribes that form what is called the insect world, there is none more valuable to mankind than the bee; not only on account of its delicious and useful productions, but also for the amusement and instruction it affords us, and the example it sets before us of industry, patience, and ingenuity. Nor can we sufficiently admire that good Providence which has bestowed such wonderful sagacity and wisdom on one of the smallest of his works.

Beside the well known labourer bee, there are no less than fifty-four species of this insect, each distinguished by some habit, disposition, or form peculiar to itself. Variety prevails in the order of their architecture, and the materials of which they compose their nests. Some dig deep under the surface of the earth, to build their cells; some in the holes of rocks, some in hollow trees. Some enjoy the benefits of society, and share the effects of their united toils; such are the domestic bee and drone, the Mexi-

can bee, the American bee, and several sorts of ground bees. Others dwell and work in perfect solitude, building the cradles of their families with the rose leaf, as the rose-cutter bee; the upholsterer bee, with the gaudy tapestry of the corn rose; the mason bee, with plaster; the woodpierce, with sawdust or rotten wood. The muscorum, or yellow hairy bee, forms its nest with moss; and, from its singular mode of working, is termed by some the carding bee. These insects, each admirable in its kind, employ their talents and industry in forming their various dwellings, and in providing for their own wants and those of their posterity.

I have selected for the subject of this article a few particulars respecting the habits and labours of the leaf-cutter and carding bees, as less familiar, and consequently more interesting to my youthful readers.

The centricularis, or leaf-cutter bee, is of a shining black colour, having the under part of the body covered with yellow down. It is one of the solitary species, and builds under ground, forming its cells of leaves curiously plaited or woven together, like a mat or quilt; the compartments of this nest are made in the form of and about the size of thimbles, inserted within each other at the end. There are several varieties of the leaf-cutter, each of which is distinguished by the materials which it employs in building; some making use of the leaves of the rose tree, others of the foliage of the horse-chestnut or beech.

A curious observer may discover the leaves of the rose tree cut, as it were, with a pinking iron ; and may enjoy the pleasure of seeing with what skill and dexterity a bee, destitute of any mathematical instrument, cuts out a circular piece, fit to be either the lid or bottom of one of these nests, or prepares ovals and semi-ovals to form its sides. In each of these curiously formed cells, or cases, the bee deposits one egg, with food properly prepared and adapted to the future wants and necessities of the embryo insect ; then, by the means of its wax (which is of a thinner and more glutinous quality than that of the common bee,) and a circular piece cut from the rose tree, as already described, forms a covering or lid, which it seals down ; by which precaution the young insect is protected from cold, or any other injury that might happen to it during its infant state.

The muscorum, or carding bee, is of social habits ; it is of a yellow colour, and builds in mossy grounds. The skill displayed by these insects in building is very amusing. In order to enjoy the pleasure of observing their ingenious labours, let a nest be taken to pieces, and the moss conveyed to some little distance. After a few murmurs of disapprobation at the injury they have sustained, the bees will be seen to form themselves into a chain, extending from the place where the moss has been laid to the nest. The foremost bee then lays hold of a piece of moss with her teeth, and clears it bit by bit with her feet, driving it, as she does so,

under her to the next ; the second, in like manner, pushes it on to a third ; she to a fourth, and so on, till there is formed an uninterrupted chain of moss ; which is wrought and interwoven with great dexterity by those that abide by the nest ; and to the end that their habitation, thus curiously composed, may not be the sport of wind and rain, they form a shelter for it by building an arch over the nest, which they make with a thin kind of wax tempered with other matter to render it more tenacious and durable. This is neither the unwrought bees-wax, nor yet the real wax ; but is a substance peculiar to the different species of wild bees, and seems to be better adapted for the purpose of cementing together the various materials of which their nests are composed, than to form entire cells, like the wax which is produced by the labours of the domestic or honey bee.

## A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

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Ah that I were once more a careless child.*Coleridge.*

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OH when I was a tiny boy  
My days and nights were full of joy,  
    My mates were blythe and kind !  
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,  
And dash the teardrop from my eye,  
    To cast a look behind !

A hoop was an eternal round  
Of pleasure. In those days I found  
    A top a joyous thing ;—  
But now those past delights I drop,  
My head, alas ! is all my top,  
    And careful thoughts the string !

My marbles—once my bag was stored,—  
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,  
    With Thesus for a taw !  
My playful horse has slipt his string,  
Forgotten all his capering,  
    And harnessed to the law !

My kite,—how fast and far it flew!  
 Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew  
     My pleasure from the sky!  
 Twas papered o'er with studious themes,  
 The tasks I wrote,—my present dreams  
     Will never soar so high!

My joys are wingless all and dead;  
 My dumps are made of more than lead;  
     My flights soon find a fall;  
 My fears prevail, my fancies droop,  
 Joy never cometh with a whoop,  
     And seldom with a call!

My football's laid upon the shelf;—  
 I am a shuttlecock myself  
     The world knocks to and fro,—  
 My archery is all unlearned,  
 And grief against myself has turned  
     My arrows and my bow!

No more in noontide sun I bask;  
 My authorship's an endless task,  
     My head's ne'er out of school.—  
 My heart is pained with scorn and slight,  
 I have too many foes to fight,  
     And friends grown strangely cool!

The very chum that shared my cake  
 Holds out so cold a hand to shake  
     It makes me shrink and sigh,—  
 On this I will not dwell and hang,  
 The changeling would not feel a pang  
     Though these should meet his eye!

No skies so blue, or so serene  
 As then ;—no leaves look half so green  
     As clothed the play ground tree !  
 All things I loved are altered so,  
 Nor does it ease my heart to know  
     That change resides in me !

Oh, for the garb that marked the boy,—  
 The trowsers made of corduroy,  
     Well inked with black and red ;—  
 The crownless hat,—ne'er deemed an ill,—  
 It only let the sunshine still  
     Repose upon my head !

Oh for the ribbon round the neck  
 The careless dog's-ears apt to deck  
     My book and collar both,  
 How can this formal man be styled  
 Merely an Alexandrian child,  
     A boy of larger growth ?

Oh, for that small, small beer anew !  
 And (heaven's own type) that mild sky blue  
     That washed my sweet meals down ;  
 The master even !—and that small Turk  
 That fagged me !—worse is now my work—  
     A fag for all the town !

Oh for the lessons learned by heart !  
 Ay, though the very birch's smart  
     Should mark those hours again ?  
 I'd “kiss the rod,” and be resigned  
 Beneath the stroke,—and even find  
     Some sugar in the cane !

The Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed !  
The Fairy Tales in school-time read,  
    By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun !—  
The angel form that always walked  
In all my dreams, and looked and talked  
    Exactly like Miss Brown !

The “omne bene”—Christmas come !  
The price of merit, won for home,—  
    Merit had prizes then !  
But now I write for days and days,—  
For fame—a deal of empty praise  
    Without the silver pen !

Then home, sweet home ! the crowded  
    Coach !—  
The joyous shout—the loud approach  
    The winding horns like rams' !  
The meeting sweet that made me thrill,—  
The sweetmeats almost sweeter still,  
    No “satis” to the “jams” !—

When that I was a tiny boy  
My days and nights were full of joy,  
    My mates were blythe and kind,—  
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,  
And dash the teardrop from my eye,  
    To cast a look behind !

## A CONTENTED MAN.

BY GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENTLEMAN.

IN the garden of the Tuilleries there is a sunny corner under the wall of a terrace which fronts the south. Along the wall is a range of benches commanding a view of the walks and avenues of the garden. This genial nook is a place of great resort in the latter part of autumn, and in fine days in winter, as it seems to retain the flavour of departed summer. On a calm, bright morning it is quite alive with nursery-maids and their playful little charges. Hither also resort a number of ancient ladies and gentlemen, who, with laudable thrift in small pleasures and small expenses, for which the French are to be noted, come here to enjoy sunshine and save firewood. Here may often be seen some cavalier of the old school, when the sunbeams have warmed his blood into something like a glow, fluttering about like a frost-bitten moth thawed before the fire, putting forth a feeble show of gallantry among the antiquated dames, and now and then eyeing the buxom

nursery-maids with what might almost be mistaken for an air of libertinism.

Among the habitual frequenters of this place, I had often remarked an old gentleman, whose dress was decidedly anti-revolutional. He wore the three-cornered cocked-hat of the *ancient régime*; his hair was frizzed over each ear into *ailes de pigeon*, a style strongly savouring of Bourbonism, and a queue stuck out behind, the loyalty of which was not to be disputed. His dress, though ancient, had an air of decayed gentility, and I observed that he took his snuff out of an elegant though old-fashioned gold box. He appeared to be the most popular man on the walk. He had a compliment for every old lady, he kissed every child, and he patted every little dog on the head; for children and little dogs are very important members of society in France. I must observe, however, that he seldom kissed a child without, at the same time, pinching the nursery-maid's cheek; a Frenchman of the old school never forgets his devoirs to the sex.

I had taken a liking to this old gentleman. There was an habitual expression of benevolence in his face, which I have very frequently remarked in these reliques of the politer days of France. The constant interchange of those thousand little courtesies which imperceptibly sweeten life, have a happy effect upon the features, and spread a mellow evening charm over the wrinkles of old age.

Where there is a favourable predisposition one soon forms a kind of tacit intimacy by often meeting on the same walks. Once or twice I accomodated him with a bench, after which we touched hats on passing each other; at length we got so far as to take a pinch of snuff together out of his box, which is equivalent to eating salt together in the east; from that time our acquaintance was established.

I now became his frequent companion in his morning promenades, and derived much amusement from his good humoured remarks on men and manners. One morning, as we were strolling through an alley of the Tuilleries, with the autumnal breeze whirling the yellow leaves about our path, my companion fell into a peculiarly communicative vein, and gave me several particulars of his history. He had once been wealthy, and possessed of a fine estate in the country, and a noble hotel in Paris; but the Revolution, which effected so many disastrous changes, stripped him of every thing. He was secretly denounced by his own steward during a sanguinary period of the Revolution, and a number of the bloodhounds of the Convention were sent to arrest him. He received private intelligence of their approach in time to effect his escape. He landed in England without money or friends, but considered himself singularly fortunate in having his head upon his shoulders; several of his neighbours having been guillotined as a punishment for being rich.

When he reached London he had but a louis in his pocket, and no prospect of getting another. He ate a solitary dinner on beefsteak, and was almost poisoned by port wine, which from its colour he had mistaken for claret. The dingy look of the chop house, and of the little mahogany-coloured box in which he ate his dinner, contrasted sadly with the gay saloons of Paris. Every thing looked gloomy and disheartening. Poverty stared him in the face ; he turned over the few shillings he had of change ; did not know what was to become of him ; and—went to the theatre !

He took his seat in the pit, listened attentively to a tragedy of which he did not understand a word, and which seemed made up of fighting, and stabbing, and scene-shifting, and began to feel his spirits sinking within him ; when, casting his eyes into the orchestra, what was his surprise to recognize an old friend and neighbour in the very act of extorting music from a huge violoncello.

As soon as the evening's performance was over he tapped his friend on the shoulder ; they kissed each other on each cheek, and the musician took him home, and shared his lodgings with him. He had learned music as an accomplishment ; by his friend's advice he now turned to it as a mean of support. He procured a violin, offered himself for the orchestra, was received, and again considered himself one of the most fortunate men upon earth.

Here therefore he lived for many years, during

the ascendancy of the terrible Napoleon. He found several emigrants living like himself, by the exercise of their talents. They associated together, talked of France and of old times, and endeavoured to keep up a semblance of Parisian life in the centre of London.

They dined at a miserable cheap French restauratuer in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square, where they were served with a caricature of French cookery. They took their promenade in St. James's Park, and endeavoured to fancy it the Tuilleries; in short, they made shift to accomodate themselves to every thing but an English Sunday. Indeed the old gentleman seemed to have nothing to say against the English whom he affirmed to be *braves gens*; and he mingled so much among them, that at the end of twenty years he could speak their language almost well enough to be understood.

The downfall of Napoleon was another epoch in his life. He had considered himself a fortunate man to make his escape pennyless out of France, and he considered himself fortunate to be able to return pennyless into it. It is true that he found his Parisian hotel had passed through several hands during the vicissitudes of the times so as to be beyond the reach of recovery; but then he had been noticed benignantly by government and had a pension of several hundred francs, upon which, with careful management, he lived independently, and, as far as I could judge, happily.

As his once splendid hotel was now occupied

as a *hôtel garni*, he hired a small chamber in the attic; it was but as he said, changing his bedroom up two pair of stairs—he was still in his own house. His room was decorated with pictures of several beauties of former times, with whom he professed to have been on favourable terms: among them was a favourite operadancer, who had been the admiration of Paris at the breaking out of the Revolution. She had been a protégée of my friend, and one of the few of his youthful favourites who had survived the lapse of time and its various vicissitudes. They had renewed their acquaintance, and she now and then visited him; but the beautiful Psyche, once the fashion of the day and the idol of the *parterre*, was now a shrivelled, little old woman, warped in the back, and with a hooked nose.

The old gentleman was a devout attendant upon levees: he was most zealous in his loyalty, and could not speak of the royal family without a burst of enthusiasm, for he still felt towards them as his companions in exile. As to his poverty he made light of it, and indeed had a good humoured way of consoling himself for every cross and privation. If he had lost his chateau in the country, he had half a dozen royal palaces, as it were, at his command. He had Versailles and St. Cloud for his country resorts, and the shady alleys of the Tuilleries and the Luxembourg for his town recreation. Thus all his promenades and relaxations were

magnificent, yet cost nothing. When I walk through these fine gardens, said he, I have only to fancy myself the owner of them, and they are mine. All these gay crowds are my visitors, and I defy the grand seignior himself to display a greater variety of beauty. Nay, what is better, I have not the trouble of entertaining them. My estate is a perfect *Sans Souci*, where every one does as he pleases, and no one troubles the owner. All Paris is my theatre, and presents me with a continual spectacle. I have a table spread for me in every street, and thousands of waiters ready to fly at my bidding. When my servants have waited upon me I pay them, discharge them, and there's an end: I have no fears of their wronging or pilfering me when my back is turned. Upon the whole, said the old gentleman, with a smile of infinite good humour, when I think upon the various risks I have run, and the manner in which I have escaped them; when I recollect all that I have suffered, and consider all that I at present enjoy, I cannot but look upon myself as a man of singular good fortune.

Such was the brief history of this practical philosopher, and it is a picture of many a Frenchman ruined by the Revolution. The French appear to have a greater facility than most men in accomodating themselves to the reverses of life, and of extracting honey out of the bitter things of this world. The first shock of calamity is apt to overwhelm them, but when

it is once past, their natural buoyancy of feeling soon brings them again to the surface. This may be called the result of levity of character, but it answers the end of reconciling us to misfortune, and if it be not true philosophy, it is something almost as efficacious. Ever since I have heard the story of my little Frenchman, I have treasured it up in my heart; and I thank my stars I have at length found, what I had long considered as not to be found on earth —a contented man.

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P. S. There is no calculating on human happiness. Since writing the foregoing, the law of indemnity has been passed, and my friend restored to a great part of his fortune. I was absent from Paris at the time, but on my return hastened to congratulate him. I found him magnificently lodged on the first floor of his hotel. I was ushered, by a servant in livery, through splendid saloons, to a cabinet richly furnished, where I found my little Frenchman reclining on a couch. He received me with his usual cordiality; but I saw the gayety and benevolence of his countenance had fled; he had an eye full of care and anxiety.

I congratulated him on his good fortune. "Good fortune?" echoed he; "bah! I have been plundered of a princely fortune, and they give me a pittance as an indemnity."

Alas! I found my late poor and contented friend one of the richest and most miserable

men in Paris. Instead of rejoicing in the ample competency restored to him, he is daily repining at the superfluity withheld. He no longer wanders in happy idleness about Paris, but is a repining attendant in the anti-chambers of ministers. His loyalty has evaporated with his gayety; he screws his mouth when the Bourbons are mentioned, and even shrugs his shoulders when he hears the praises of the king. In a word, he is one of the many philosophers undone by the law of indemnity, and his case is desperate, for I doubt whether even another reverse of fortune, which should restore him to poverty, could make him again a happy man.

## THE BETTER LAND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

## I.

“I HEAR thee speak of the better land,  
Thou call’st its children a happy band ;  
Mother ! oh, where is that radiant shore ?—  
Shall we not seek it and weep no more ?—  
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,  
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle  
boughs ?”

—“Not there, not there, my child !”

## II.

“Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,  
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?  
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,  
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,  
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,  
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?”

—“Not there, not there, my child ?”

## III.

“ Is it far away, in some region old,  
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold ?—  
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,  
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—  
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?”  
—“ Not there, not there my child !

## IV.

“ Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !  
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;  
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—  
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;  
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,  
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,  
—It is there, it is there, my child !”

THE END.

